The Outlook

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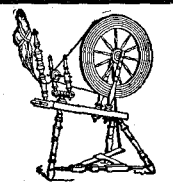

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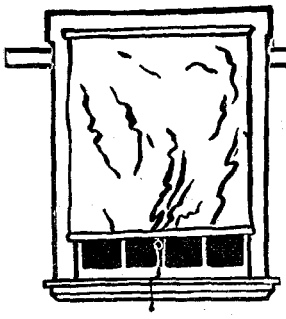
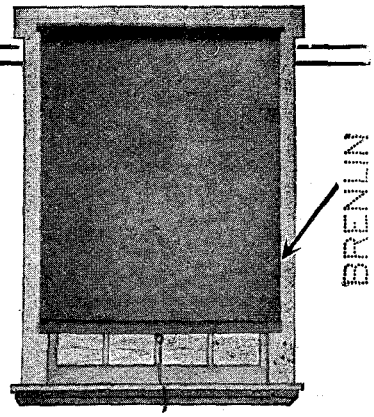


Get Shades That Wear



A Brenlin Shade

Ordinary shades "*crack*" because they are "filled" with chalk to make them opaque.

In handling, this chalk breaks and drops, leaving the unsightly, conspicuous pinholes and lines so often seen.

Brenlin, the new window shade material, is made *without filling of any kind*, but with a *natural* body that makes it hang straight and smooth and *really shade*.

It is supple, not stiff—there is nothing about it to crack!

It won't wrinkle or sag, won't let in a glare like Holland shades.

Won't show shadows! Won't spot! Won't fade! Go to your dealer's and *see*

Brenlin

Patented 1906. Trade-mark Registered

The new Window Shade Material

Look for this Marking

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If your dealer hasn't Brenlin, we will give you the name of one who has, or supply you direct.

Write today for samples in colors and our new booklet, showing how the best lighting effects are secured.

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BRENLIN

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It is tanned by the special Red Cross process which preserves all its natural life and suppleness. It is of regular thickness, yet it bends with the foot, follows every movement, just as a glove moves with the hand.

(Trade-Mark)

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Bend it. Walk in it. Know for yourself the feeling of ease, of freedom, the buoyant, springy sensation it gives! See what a *wonderful* difference it does make!

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Trade-Mark

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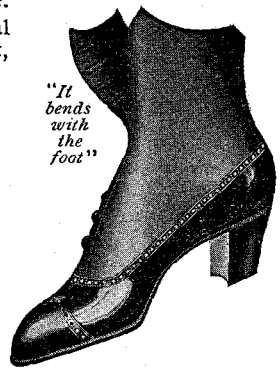

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

Vol. 90 No. 2

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building. Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

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Grover Cleveland's Message to the American People

The New York Times of August 30 published a posthumous article, written by Grover Cleveland just before his death, on the political situation in America. This article was to have been followed by two others, but these his last illness and death prevented him from writing. Internal evidence indicates that he had not opportunity to revise this first article, and to such lack of revision, and to his failing health, must be attributed certain infelicities of expression by which it is characterized. These do not, however, deprive it of its peculiar significance. Mr. Cleveland was a representative man, as well as a recognized political leader. It is therefore safe to assume that this article rightly interprets the views of a large number of so-called Cleveland Democrats, and will have great influence upon all that class of citizens, and their name is legion, who were inclined to follow his leadership while he was living. The article is characterized by his usual independence and his habit of saying what he meant and meaning what he said. He urges similar independence on others. "The population of some of the New England States is so inherently Republican that the fallacy would be palpable indeed that would not earn their support, just so it had the approval of the leaders of the Republican party. On the other hand, the South has long taken a stubborn, foolish pride in its enlistment under the Democracy, and has stood like a rock in its partisanship," at times to its great and manifest disadvantage. Realities, not symbols, principles, not words, counted with Mr. Cleveland, and while he makes no attack upon Mr. Bryan, he makes it clear that he regards Bryanism as destructive of the democracy in which he believes, and that the best way to advance that democracy is to defeat Bryanism. True democratic principles, he anticipates, will assert themselves in the future, "perhaps under a different panoply, and perhaps with a reincorporation of the decayed fragments of an organization that failed to serve its purpose." Regarding the issue before the American people as essentially one between Socialism or semi-Socialism and its opponents, he explicitly indorses the candidature of Mr. Taft. His personal tribute to Mr. Taft is worth quoting in full:

> There is fear on my part of being misunderstood in what I am about to say, but surely the fair-minded man must realize when he considers my attitude towards my own party, all now a matter of immutable record, that it is prompted by a sense of simple fairness. Personally and officially I have had the opportunity of knowing many things concerning Mr. Taft that were not a matter of general knowledge, and with a keen interest I have watched his large share in the conduct of our National affairs in very recent years. His excellence as a Federal Judge in Cincinnati is something not to be underestimated or overemphasized, for should he come to the Presidential chair the qualities which made him a judge of high ability, which I know him to have been, will be the most needful to him as President of the United States. His high ideals of honesty and of relative justice, his great capacity for severe labor, and his humorous wisdom in the face of the serious problem are attributes equally valuable and commendatory to people seeking him in whom they may repose the trust of their collective interests while they turn their increased attention to their pressing individual demands.

❀

His Definition of Principles

Mr. Cleveland does not, however, advocate the election of Mr. Taft as the lesser of two evils. He signifies a cautious but unqualified approval of the more essential principles and policies of the Republican party as interpreted by Mr. Taft. The four most prominent

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questions before the country are our colonial policy, our so-called military policy, the tariff, and the trusts. Mr. Cleveland affirms that, whether Americans like it or not, America has become extended and must pursue a policy which will unify its various heterogeneous elements:

> Dwelling on the unwisdom of prematurely acquiring colonies is fatuous, the National duty is neither to keep those colonies for their exploitation nor to cast them off to avoid the burden of their responsibilities. The questions involved are no more matters to be harrowed through the mill of politics than is the policy of the Panama Canal something to be stamped either as Republican or Democratic. These questions are fruitful of trouble and perturbation, and the primary requisite of the man or men who must deal with them is an abundant knowledge of the people of the outlying domain. That Mr. Taft is possessed of this knowledge as is no other man in the country is hardly to be denied.

The peril that might be involved in Mr. Bryan's election Mr. Cleveland not obscurely indicates in the sentence, "The misery and misfortune which an ignorant or obstinate administrator, no matter how high the ethical standard of his motives, could entail upon our wards of the Pacific and Caribbean are appalling to contemplate." Of militarism Mr. Cleveland evidently has no fear. While he does not directly discuss the question, What should be the size either of our army or our navy? he affirms that we were a world power when we went into the Mediterranean to punish pirates, and when we dared to balk the European programme that made Maximilian Emperor of Mexico, and that if we are to retain the position in the world which we held half a century ago, an increase in our military and naval forces is rendered necessary by the growth of our country and the growth of military establishments and colonial activities in Europe. He regards our National peril to be, not militarism at home, but new and complicated relations with military powers abroad. "We are palpably drifting into a set of relations toward other powers, especially in the matters of China, Hawaii, and the Philippines, from which we can emerge without war only through the strongest and wisest statesmanship; nevertheless, the justice and humanitarianism of our acts and policies will serve us in the highest degree, and we may be able to surmount the crisis without those certain results which would be deplorable in the extreme." Upon the tariff question Mr. Cleveland's opinions have not changed, but he perceives that "tariff for revenue only" is not at present a political issue. "Not in this election or the next is the question of the tariff at all likely to be a paramount issue of the principle involved. That will come later when conditions have altered nationally, and our foreign trade interests have assumed something of the gigantic proportions that are their ultimate destiny." Speaking upon the question of the trusts and the railways, Mr. Cleveland declares that "illegal combinations, illegal repression of competition, and illegal exploitation of the public are things which the public intends to make no longer possible." Thus he appears to regard the danger from the despotism of capital as already largely averted. What he dreads is the social movement "which attacks with the idea of destruction the fundamental idea of property and the plain principle of wage employment." In this estimate of possible peril to the country The Outlook agrees with Mr. Cleveland. The problem which now lies before America is not how to destroy the present industrial system and build a new one upon its ruins, nor how to prevent possible changes in our present industrial system, but how so to reinforce and direct social reform as to make our industrial system truly democratic.

❀

His Political Prophecies

Mr. Cleveland's acquaintance with political conditions and political forces make the prophetic element in his paper of greater interest and greater value than the prophecies of either the average newspaper or the average politician. He expects the Republican party to move on, though with a considerably lessened strength, to a safe victory. His words are: "With the several other parties disorganizing, redeveloping, and procreating, the Republican party is certain, though with a considerably lessened strength, to move on to a safe victory,

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sustained by the popular support of reforms which should not redound to its glory solely, those reforms having been the work of decent men of all parties." At the same time he anticipates an increase in the Socialistic vote, though he makes it clear that he includes in the Socialistic vote that of the Independence League and the Socialist Labor party, as well as of the party bearing the title Socialist. "It will be no matter of surprise to me," he says, "if the returns show more than that up to the point of having tripled the record made four years ago," which was a record of half a million votes. On the other hand, he does not anticipate that the so-called "labor vote" will be cast solidly for any candidate. "The union labor vote is an indeterminate quality [quantity?] and never will be more in America. . . . The mere fact of being federated on the basis of a single interest—that of a common employment as skilled laborers for wages—can never force the mass of union men to act politically with anything like solidarity." The political history of the past abundantly justifies this judgment of Mr. Cleveland. The American workingman is altogether too independent to allow any man to corral him into either a political or a religious organization against his own judgment.

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The Direct Primary and the New Idea in New Jersey

This year for the first time the voters of New Jersey will make their nominations for State officers without the intervention of conventions. Through the efforts of Senator Colby and his associates in the New Idea movement, the last Legislature established the direct primary system, and its first trial will be made on September 22. The new law was a victory in the fight between the New Idea and the boss-and-corporation-controlled machine; the next battle in this contest will come at the first primary under the new system. Everett Colby is seeking renomination to the State Senate, and three of his associates who have been members of the Assembly are also seeking renomination, while a fourth is put forward for sheriff. For three years Mr. Colby has upheld in the Senate, against the bitter opposition of the Republican machine and the corporations who have held the State in their unrelenting grasp for years, the cause of popular government. At the very beginning of his career in the Senate he asserted his independence, fearlessly bolting the party caucus when it tried to bind him to vote for measures which he knew were vicious. He fought without faltering for the "new idea" that the corporations should not rule the State, that they should not receive special and inequitable privileges at the expense of the people. And the fight was not without results. Aided by able associates in the Assembly, and backed by a gradually aroused public sentiment, Senator Colby was largely instrumental in passing acts limiting public service franchises to twenty years (with an extension to forty years in case the citizens of a municipality so vote); increasing the taxes paid by the railways, which had been notoriously low, so that they now pay two and a half million dollars more each year; allowing the voters to express at the primaries their choice for United States Senator; increasing the rate of taxation of franchises, formerly two and a half per cent on the gross receipts, one-half of one per cent each year until the rate of five per cent is reached; establishing the principle of civil service reform; repealing the notorious promoters' liability law which cut down the statute of limitations one-third in the case of promoters; and establishing a Railway Commission with limited powers. In addition, a telling blow was struck at boss domination by the adoption in the Assembly of a rule requiring a committee to report a bill within two hours on demand of fifteen members of the body. In the old days many a bill distasteful to the corporate interests had slumbered in committee, which the machine members of the Assembly would not have been willing to oppose in open session where their position would be made a matter of record. The new rule was one important application of the principle that is included in the New Idea, that all political activity, all legislation, all govern-

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mental action, shall be carried on in the open, where the people can see what is taking place and can know whom to hold responsible for the results. The New Idea men have accomplished much, and perhaps as important a part of their work as any is their arousing and education of public opinion, and their forcing both parties to support measures gratifying to the people but distasteful to the corporations and their tools. But much remains which they want to do, and which the people ought to want them to do. The creation of a public utilities commission like that of New York State, reform of the election law along the lines of the Massachusetts system, an adequate employers' liability act, the further equalization of taxation, a law for the regulation of lobbying, and the extension of the principle of local home rule are further reforms that they are fighting for. And against these admirable measures what have their opponents to present? "Regularity," loyalty to the party machine, and beyond that nothing. This silence on the issues which vitally concern all the people is one of the severest indictments brought by Senator Colby against his opponents. Under the old plan of nominating candidates by convention, the party adopted a platform which contained the issues for which the candidates stood. With the direct primary there is no party platform, and the voters can know what the respective candidates stand for only by their own utterances. Senator Colby and his associates are announcing every day their position on the important questions involved in the election. Their opponents only proclaim their "regularity," and discuss National issues. The fight for the New Idea is apparently circumscribed within a single county, but its effect has been felt all over the State, and the influence of its example in many another State. With their first trial of the direct primary system, the people of Essex County have a splendid opportunity to strike a staggering blow at boss rule and corporation corruption, and to give heart by their example to the friends of government by the people for the people throughout the country.

Opium When the American Commissioners to the International Opium Congress at Shanghai next winter were first appointed, they were instructed that the primary purpose of the undertaking was to consider the growth of the opium habit in the Far East. It occurred to one of the American appointees, however, Dr. Hamilton Wright, that they might profitably investigate the prevalence of the habit in this country also. The results of his investigation would indicate that we have an opium evil at home which demands immediate attention. The commodity known as smoking opium is wholly unnecessary in any phase of our life; and yet our importations of it have risen from fifty thousand pounds in 1878 to a hundred and fifty thousand last year. This increase has been made despite the fact that our Chinese population has either remained stationary or has decreased, and that among the Chinese themselves a successful effort has been made to decrease the number of smokers. Of crude opium, imported for medicinal purposes, sixty thousand to eighty thousand pounds are believed to supply the legitimate need to this country. It is fortunate for America that a Commission appointed for work in the Far East begins such work at home. The statistics already at hand abundantly prove the necessity for action here, as well as in China and India, in fighting the opium evil, and the matter will be brought to the attention of Congress next December.

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The Vermont Election At just this time in a Presidential campaign political soothsayers and wiseacres are always glad to seize upon every chance to interpret "indications" and even "straws." As Vermont has its State election at this time, the result affords a fine chance for mathematical analysis. It used to be said in New England that "as goes Marblehead, so goes Massachusetts," and there was formerly no lack of similar bywords, extending even to such cryptic discoveries as that whenever the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of a party both have had names ending in *n*

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they always have been elected—with the slight exception of Bryan and Stevenson and Bryan and Watson (People's Party, 1896)—which exception is of special interest, as this year the same condition exists with Bryan and Kern. In point of fact, the one significant observation that has been made about the Vermont vote in Presidential years has been that in the only years when the Republican plurality fell below twenty-five thousand, a Democratic President was elected—namely, in 1884 and 1892. In the election last week the Republican plurality for Mr. Prouty as Governor was 29,376, a substantial figure when the size of the vote (about 63,000) is considered, and only slightly below that in 1904. Even this reduction of a little over two thousand is mainly accounted for by the fact that in Vermont in 1904, as in most other States, the vote was an unusually large one; and the only comfort the Democratic political accountants can draw from the figures is that the decrease in the Democratic vote this year over that of 1904 is by a minute percentage less than the decrease in the Republican vote. The real deduction to be made is simply that the parties in Vermont apparently maintain their relative strength, and that there have been no exciting State issues to disturb this relation or to call out an extraordinary vote.

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National Banks and the Guaranty of Deposits

A State without National banks is a possibility through the operation of the new guaranty banking law of Oklahoma. This law, which has been indorsed by the Democratic National platform and thus become a National issue, has been put to a test and, in the one instance at least, has proved an apparent success. A State bank in Coalgate, Oklahoma, failed May 21, which was subsequent to the passage of the law. The bank owed its depositors $37,000. The State Banking Board immediately took $24,000 from the fund established by the law, added it to what was found in the vault of the bank, and paid the depositors in full. The Board then took charge of the assets of the bank, and has now paid back to the State all except $500 of the amount advanced. The cash is available to pay this $500. One result of the law has been to reduce the number of National banks in the newest State in the Union. In the last few weeks eight National banks there have given up their charters and become State institutions. They have done this with the expectation that they would profit from increased business because depositors would have more faith in a State bank whose deposits were guaranteed than in a National bank. Fifty-seven National banks in the State sought to take advantage of the confidence inspired by the new law by complying with the provisions of the law as the State banks did. They recently have been notified by the Comptroller of the Currency, however, that the National banking laws do not permit them to operate under the Oklahoma statute. The immediate effect is expected to be that more National banks will surrender their charters and become State institutions. Whatever may be the outcome of the bank deposit guarantee law in a single State like Oklahoma, The Outlook does not believe that it can be wisely or successfully applied to the whole country, and gives its reasons at some length on another page.

❀

The Smoke Nuisance

"Boiler-makers are designing boilers all the time; why should they not design something to go along with them that would remedy the smoke nuisance?" This was the question propounded by a speaker at the recent session of the American Boiler Manufacturers' Association at Atlantic City, who declared it to be his conviction that it was the province of the boiler manufacturers to take progressive ground and to lend every aid to discover some device that will remedy this trouble of smoke. This is a fair sample of the new position of business men on the question of the suppression of the smoke nuisance. They are coming, even if somewhat slowly, to see that the smoke evil is not an inevitable or even a necessary result

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of industrial activity, and that they can conduct their plants at a profit, in fact at a greater profit, and avoid making them a menace to the surrounding property and neighbors. As a further illustration of this changing attitude we might cite the appointment by the Illinois Coal Operators' Association of "a coal-stoking and anti-smoke committee" to co-operate with the aggressive Smoke Abatement Commission of Chicago and the smoke inspector of that city. This action was based on the experiments conducted at the University of Illinois, in which it was clearly and conclusively demonstrated that Illinois soft coal can be burned without making objectionable smoke. The operators reasonably concluded that with a properly installed boiler and the adoption of proper firing methods Illinois fuel could be advantageously used. To be sure, this move of the Illinois coal operators was primarily a business one, and is due to the impression that anti-smoke crusaders regarded the Illinois product with special disfavor. But it is significant that the operators have taken their present stand and are seeking to meet the advocates of a cleaner Chicago on their own grounds. The Chicago Post has stated editorially: "The 'old line' members of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association wished to fight the Chicago anti-smoke laws. They said that these laws simply meant the elimination of the Illinois bituminous product, as it could not be burned without smoke. The more modern operators thought otherwise. They knew that good firing and better furnaces could lessen or prevent smoke, and they decided that the Association could best help itself and Chicago by spreading this knowledge." Incidentally it is interesting to note that these joint forces are calling attention to the importance of the personal equation of the fireman as a cause of smoke, a position the American Civic Association has held for years and has been urging as a part of its campaign of education. Another significant development is the changing attitude of the railways. The Pennsylvania Railroad has told its engineers and firemen that the smoke nuisance is largely in their hands, for it is largely a matter of proper firing. It has appointed five traveling engineers to give instruction. The substitution of electricity for steam on railways would seem, from the New York Central's experience, to be the most effective remedy for the difficulty experienced in and around the terminals. But it is not likely that this sort of change will be made any more rapidly than the old style equipment wears out.

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Recent Progress

Progress in another important direction may be noted. The New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals has just upheld Atlantic City's anti-smoke ordinance. The opinion of the court, which was written by Justice Bergen, declared that it must be shown that a nuisance is created before a municipality can proceed to suppress the emission of smoke. It was demonstrated in the Atlantic City test case that the smoke from the defendant's stack was dense enough at times to deposit soot on a surface within the city limits. Justice Bergen declared that "where a city charter empowers the adoption of ordinances necessary and proper for the protection of persons and property and for the preservation of the public health, sufficient power is given to sustain an ordinance directed to the suppression of the emission from smoke-stacks of dense smoke containing soot in sufficient quantities to fall upon the surface of the city, but its application must be limited to smoke of such character as invades the rights of persons and property. Before a conviction can lawfully be had under such ordinance the invasion and injury must be determined by a court having jurisdiction over such matters." The New Jersey case follows very closely the successful New York precedent of several years ago, when the Anti-Smoke Society secured a judgment against the Edison Electric Light Company, one of the principal offenders in the city. Chicago is adding fresh and encouraging chapters to the history of the movement. One of its inspectors put the proposition in an address a few days ago: "One may well ask if there is any hope. I beg to assert that there is not only a

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little hope, but a great deal of hope; that by far the greater part of the trouble is avoidable, though not necessarily so in a short period of time. It is feasible, practicable, and economical to eliminate smoke. We have now in Chicago, where the worst of bituminous coal is burned, hundreds of plants where the thing is accomplished. It is true that the elimination of all smoke is not accomplished at all times, but the amount that does come from the chimneys of the well-regulated plants is strikingly small. The situation is becoming similar to that which prevails in the packing industry, where methods of cleanliness have overcome to a large degree the odors that at one time were considered an inseparable part of the slaughtering business. The reduction of smoke can come about in much the same manner."

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The Vocation Bureau of Boston

An interesting educational institution of a novel philanthropic character has recently been established in Boston by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, who has long been active in promoting modern methods of public education in that city. It is called the Vocation Bureau, and its purpose is to aid young men and women, by advice and direction, in choosing an occupation, preparing themselves for it, and finding an opening. The idea originated with Professor Frank Parsons, formerly a lecturer in the Boston University Law School, and a well-known writer on legal, economic, and political subjects. Professor Parsons is the director in charge, with the title of "Counselor." The Bureau renders its service free of charge. In the list of trustees are the names of many men and women distinguished in the activities of Boston and its vicinity, including the President of Wellesley College, the President of Boston University, the President of the New England Telephone Company, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, the acting President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Secretary of the State Board of Education, the Secretary of the Central Labor Union, the editor of the Boston Transcript, the Rabbi of a prominent Jewish synagogue, two or three of the leading members of the Boston Bar, and the head of one of the most respected and powerful banking firms of State Street. The membership of the Board of Trustees is an assurance that the experiment is to be carried out not only in the broadest human sympathy, but in the most practical and efficient manner. Circulars to young people, to workers, and to employers are issued by the Bureau. Statistics in regard to the conditions of success in different industries have been collated and published. In these statistics, for example, over two hundred ways in which women are earning money have been classified. Information may be obtained of the Bureau as to opportunities in different industries. The permanent demand and geographical distribution of industry and the movement of demand in various occupations is recorded. For example, the census figures show that the printing trade in Massachusetts is growing at a rate about four times as great as the average rate of growth for the entire group of mechanical and manufacturing industries. Card catalogues and tables have been prepared showing the courses of study in industrial schools throughout this country and in Europe, and it is the aim of the management eventually to be able to supply the most complete information of all kinds regarding industrial education and industrial occupation

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Personality and Industrial Progress

But while the Vocation Bureau is intended to be a source of scientific information on all questions that affect the occupation and wages of the working man and woman, its most important feature is found in its endeavor to give personal advice to the individual boy or girl, man or woman who is seeking help in a personal problem connected with the choice of a vocation. It is to this work that Professor Parsons gives his personal attention. From his reports we take the following story of how a boy progressed from

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boot-blacking to sign-painting with the help of the Vocation Bureau. The boy was nineteen, small, thin, weak; he had been through the grammar school; his father was an express wagon driver. He went to work at fourteen and was successively office boy at three dollars a week, florist helper at four and a half dollars a week, and driver of a delivery wagon at five to six dollars a week. He became ill and lost his job. Later he went to work blacking boots at a stand in a billiard-room. He had a love for music and drawing and spent most of his spare time with pencil and cornet. He had saved sixty-three dollars to buy a silver cornet and thirty-eight dollars for lessons while he was making from four to five dollars a week. He had some notion of studying for Civil Service examinations for a clerkship in the post-office. The Counselor asked him to bring in some of his sketches, and they showed considerable ability in outline work and lettering. At this interview the following conversation took place:

Counselor: "If all the boys in Boston were to be divided into classes, according to their special aptitude and ability, in which class would you belong? Is there anything that you could do that most boys could not do so well?"

Boy: "Most of them can't play the cornet or draw as well as I can, I think."

"How would you like to use your ability for drawing and lettering by getting to be a sign-painter?"

"I would like it very much."

"Well, practice a little every day; watch the signs on the streets and copy the best ones. Study the advertisements in good magazines. Copy the lettering; reproduce it from memory over and over again, until you have mastered several good alphabets, plain and ornamental, and can use them in making designs, and designs of your own. When you have mastered a few kinds of letters, so you can do plain and fancy lettering easily and rapidly, try to get a place in one of these sign-making shops and work up. If you do well and save your money, as you did for the cornet, you may be able in a few years to start a shop of your own. Don't drop your music; you may get into a band some day, though it is doubtful if you are strong enough to rely on that as a business."

Some weeks later the Counselor met the young man in the Subway. He had followed the suggestions made to him, had developed considerable skill in lettering, got a place in an excellent shop, and was making signs to his heart's content. He had one of them with him on the way to deliver it—a very creditable piece of work—and he was brimming over with enthusiasm and happiness. This little human sketch is fairly typical of the spirit, work, and methods of the Vocation Bureau. Those of our readers who are interested in knowing more of its practical operations may obtain the information by addressing their inquiries to Professor Frank Parsons, The Vocation Bureau, 112 Salem Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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The Hudson River Forest Preserve

Our readers may remember an article in The Outlook for November 9, 1907, urging the establishment of a National Forest Preserve along the banks of the Hudson River, from the Palisades to Newburgh, thus preserving for the Nation a memento of the American Revolution, as Gettysburg preserves for the Nation a memento of the Civil War. Dr. Edward L. Partridge takes this matter up in Country Life in America for September, urging action rather by the State than by the National Government. A bill, he says, will be introduced in the Legislature of New York at its next session to create a Forest Reservation in this region, and he rightly adds that to give an object-lesson in forest reservation no more suitable region could be selected. The proposed bill provides that the State shall exercise a certain forest supervision over an area of more than one hundred and twenty-five square miles through which the Hudson River passes. He shows how such forest preservation would maintain a permanent supply of wood and so enhance the value of the land for the private owner, "for a well-managed forest produces more wood than a wild forest, just as cultivated strawberries are more prolific than wild ones;" would prevent floods in the tributaries of the Hudson, "for a forest covering acts like a great blotter in soaking up the rainfall and releasing it slowly;" and would "prevent erosion, which is the direct result of heavy rains on soil unprotected by vegetation," and thus at once prevent

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serious loss on the agricultural land and reduce the amount of the soil which is carried into the river to the injury of navigation. He points out the advantage which this bill would give to the private owner, since it would enable him to get without charge the advice of the State Forester to show him how to use his timber-land to his better pecuniary advantage; that it would be an advantage to the people of the city of New York, because it would give them a rare park within easy distance of the great metropolis; and that it would be to the advantage of the general public not only in the ways specified, but also in the preservation of unique scenery in the heart of the most populous portion of the United States and on a great waterway upon which every summer hundreds of thousands of tourists are carried in river steamers. The State has already commenced plans for the construction of a highway through these Highlands of the Hudson, and the preservation of the forest through which it will pass is an almost necessary supplement to such a highway.

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A Reasonable Labor Leader

So much is said, and often with justice, about the fiery and demagogic attitude of labor leaders that the public ought not to fail to recognize that in our day there have been labor leaders whose success and influence came from their moderation and fair-mindedness. Such a man was Frank Pierce Sargent, the Commissioner-General of Immigration, who died in Washington last week. Mr. Sargent had a picturesque and varied career, such as would hardly be possible outside of this country. He began life as a farm boy, and the village school was, we think, his only college. As he grew up he was in turn a traveling photographer, a factory hand, and a private soldier. He fought in Indian warfare and was offered a chance to become a sergeant, but took his honorable discharge and went to work as an engine-wiper on a railway. When he became a fireman, he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, took an active interest in his union, and in time became the head of the Brotherhood. Like his friend the late P. M. Arthur, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Mr. Sargent was invariably an upholder of law and order, and believed thoroughly in the good policy of negotiation, conciliation, and compromise as between employer and employee, whenever possible. He recognized the rightfulness of the strike as a weapon in industrial war, but he was always one of the last to admit that industrial war was necessary and one of the first to urge the benefits of industrial peace. Moreover, his theories worked out profitably in practice, and he thus won the respect both of his fellow-workmen and of employing railways. Notable instances of this are seen in the history of the great strike against the New York Central in 1892 and the still larger combined strike against Western railways in 1894, the latter led by Mr. Debs, now the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. On both these occasions Mr. Sargent strained every nerve to prevent strikes from occurring, to keep them from extending when once begun, and to bring about peaceable and reasonable settlement. Over and over again, while he was still the head of his union, he put himself on record publicly in utter condemnation of any breach of agreement by employees with their employers, no matter what advantage the former might gain. Mr. Sargent was appointed a member of the United States Industrial Commission by President McKinley in 1898, but was urged not to accept by his Brotherhood, which offered him a considerable increase in salary and six months' vacation at their expense in Europe if he would stay with them. This expression of their confidence moved him to decline the appointment, but he also declined to accept the Brotherhood's generous gift. His appointment as Commissioner-General of Immigration was made by President Roosevelt six years ago, and he then felt that he could accept the important duties involved without injury to the Brotherhood. Mr. Sargent has been an efficient and vigorous Commissioner, and under his direction new methods and valuable reforms have been introduced.

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Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on Woman's Suffrage

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in a letter to the London Times, replies to Mrs. Humphry Ward's letter on the woman's suffrage movement in America. An abstract from that letter we gave to our readers, because it enabled them to see how the woman's suffrage movement was looked upon by an English observer who had good opportunities for inquiry, whose intelligence no one could doubt, and whose fair-mindedness was indicated by the tone of her letter. In her reply Mrs. Howe cites figures to show that the woman's suffrage movement has a great many more active supporters among women than the woman's anti-suffrage movement, and that this is indicated by the greater number of periodicals which they maintain, by the greater number of members in the suffrage organizations than in the anti-suffrage associations, and by the greater number of signatures that are obtained for than against suffrage. No doubt the suffragists are much more active than the anti-suffragists, for the very essence of the anti-suffrage movement is the desire of women not to enter into public life and not to be involved in any kind of public agitation. That Mrs. Howe's figures are sometimes misleading is, however, indicated by the fact that she reports that "on the only occasion when the Government took an official referendum among women on the question [in Massachusetts in 1895] the women's vote was in favor 25 to 1;" but she does not state that the anti-suffragists urged women who were not in favor of the suffrage not to vote at all, and that the total vote of women who cared enough about the suffrage to put an affirmative ballot into the box was less than five per cent of the women who were competent to vote on the question. Mrs. Howe also gives facts to show that where woman's suffrage has been adopted, as in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, there has been no successful movement to abolish it and restrict the suffrage to men. This is true; but whether this is because the extension of the suffrage has proved beneficial, or because a movement to refuse the suffrage to any persons to whom it has already been granted is always unpopular in a democratic country, is one on which students of political conditions differ in opinion. One sentence in Mrs. Howe's letter appears to The Outlook to be conclusive against any present extension of the suffrage. That sentence is the following: "In America most women are still indifferent on the question of suffrage." To impose the suffrage on people who wish to be relieved from it ought to be an unthinkable proposition; to give the suffrage to people who are indifferent to it is to increase an evil from which the American communities are already suffering. If suffrage is to be conditioned at all, if it is not an imperative duty from which none have a right to be exempt, the first condition should be a desire for it among those to whom it is proposed to give it. The women suffragists should convert their sisters from their indifference before they appeal to their brothers for an extension of the suffrage.

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The Free Synagogue

A year ago The Outlook, in an editorial upon Reformed Judaism, spoke of the Free Synagogue, then just organized in New York, as "a clear accession to the mobilized moral forces of the city." The past year has given evidence of hope become fact. The casual visitor at its uptown house on Eighty-first Street on a Sunday morning or evening, or at its downtown hall on Grand Street, east of the Bowery, on a Friday evening or a Sunday afternoon, would see full congregations, somewhat the larger, perhaps, downtown, each addressed by Rabbi Wise with the frequent co-operation of both Christian and Jewish specialists on the important religious and social questions of our time. This, however, would reveal little of the active spirit enlisted there for social service. Beginning with a single worker and slender means, the social service department, which includes a Children's Guild, became able during the year to take up ninety new cases a month in the hospitals and police courts, and reported a total contribution of $12,000. These "cases" are treated by sympathetic hands: "social

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service building on the rock of social justice is the watchword of the Free Synagogue." The constitution of the Free Synagogue declares "that Judaism is a religion of perpetual growth and development . . . that each succeeding generation in Israel is free to reformulate the truths first intrusted, in the providence of God, to our fathers . . . that its pulpit shall be free to preach on behalf of truth and righteousness in the spirit and after the pattern of the prophets of Israel." The broad range of religious interest covered by its pulpit is indicated by the special courses of lectures interspersed with the sermons during the winter half of the past year—Social Problems, Religions of the East, The Origin and Rise of Old Testament Prophecy, Jewish Questions, Social Remedies. Such as the last named have been followed by open discussion. A vigorous "Religious School" has grown up during the year, in which the study of the Bible on Sunday mornings is supplemented by fortnightly addresses to the young on religious and moral themes. The rapid and apparently sturdy development of the Free Synagogue during its first year should draw attention to the possibilities of the renaissance movement known as Reformed Judaism, of which Christian people know hardly anything, and which thoughtful observers both here and in Great Britain are just beginning to appreciate fairly. Its most conspicuous representatives—Rabbi Hirsch in Chicago, Rabbi Fleischer in Boston, and now Rabbi Wise in New York—are adding to it vigor and vitality.

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Morocco and the Powers

France finds her position in regard to the affairs of Morocco troublesome both in its local and international conditions. In the warfare with the fierce tribesmen, brought on by France's attempts to carry out the police powers and special control allotted to her by the Algeciras Convention, the sovereignty of Abd-el-Aziz as Sultan of Morocco was recognized by France; but now his brother, Mulai Hafig, who is approved by the tribesmen and fanatic Moroccans as more orthodox and less friendly to European civilization than Abd-el-Aziz, has not only gained victories, but has been proclaimed Sultan at Tangier and other important places in Morocco. This has been followed by the announcement from Germany that, in its judgment, the Powers should recognize immediately the rule of Mulai Hafig. The intention of France has been to present to Mulai a list of demands intended to safeguard the interests of the Powers in Morocco, to submit these demands first to the Powers that signed the Algeciras Convention, and then to demand acceptance of the requirements before recognizing the new claimant to the Sultanship. The other Powers concerned seem to regard this attitude of France as correct and commendable. French papers indignantly resent Germany's action as indicating an intention to pursue its own policy without regard to Europe, and this after having called for the intervention of Europe at Algeciras. The motive ascribed is Germany's alleged wish to bargain with France for a larger control of Turkish affairs by Germany in exchange for letting France have a free hand in Morocco. Something like a tense situation in international affairs has followed, but even the most sensational papers do not predict a European war. It will be remembered that Germany was uneasy at the Anglo-French understanding which allowed of a French preponderating influence in Morocco, and that the visit of the German Emperor to Tangier was the occasion of his rather sensational declaration that there should be no exclusive foreign control of Morocco. The conference of the Great Powers followed, and it adopted the agreement which gave France special privileges because of its near-by territory, but asserted the principle that the signatory Powers, outside of these special concessions to France, should unite in any necessary action. It is not impossible that the present movement in Germany may result in a second international convention. The United States was a signatory to the convention, but assumed no obligation or responsibility for the enforcement of its action, merely accept-

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ing the application to American citizens and interests in Morocco. Meanwhile fighting is going on both between the claimant brother Sultans and between the French and the Arabs; only last week Arab tribesmen are reported to have attacked a French garrison of fifteen hundred men with ten times that number; as usual, the attack was repulsed with great slaughter of the Arabs and slight loss on the part of the French. Simultaneously a defeat of Mulai Hafid's army is reported, but it is impossible to say whether or not it is of serious consequence, so meager are the details given in the despatches.

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Guaranteed Bank Deposits

The Democratic National platform contains the following plank:

> We pledge ourselves to legislation by which the national banks shall be required to establish a guaranty fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank, *under an equitable system which shall be available to all State banking institutions wishing to use it.*

Mr. Bryan is making this demand for guaranteed bank deposits one of the important issues of his campaign. The first impression which the proposal makes upon the average depositor is favorable, for every man desires to have his savings or his cash capital taken care of in the safest possible manner. But will Mr. Bryan's plan provide greater safety for the bank depositors of the country than they now enjoy? We think not. In our judgment, a compulsory guarantee of bank deposits would make banking less sound than it is now, and would therefore increase the risks instead of adding to the protection of bank depositors.

If Mr. Bryan were elected President, he could influence Federal legislation only, and his plan would have to be accomplished by some amendment to the law governing the National banks of the country. But he proposes to make his plan "available to all State banking institutions." Mr. Bryan does not appear to have considered whether it would be Constitutional or even practicable to weld National banks and State banks in this way into one system. The Treasury Department has already decided that the National banks in the State of Oklahoma cannot legally avail themselves of the guaranty law passed in that State. The courts of the forty-six States of the Union would certainly differ in their opinion as to whether State banking institutions could be conducted under the operation of a Federal law. We should have the spectacle of some States permitting their banks to comply with Mr. Bryan's law of Federal insurance and some States forbidding such compliance, a condition of confusion which would be disastrous to the financial welfare of the country. Mr. Bryan has been a firm advocate of State rights as opposed to the encroachment of a centralized Federal power. His proposal to combine State and National banks in one general system indicates either careless thinking or political inconsistency, or perhaps both.

But if Mr. Bryan had not endeavored to include all banking institutions in his proposal, and had applied it to National banks alone, in which field the Federal Government has unquestioned authority and the necessary machinery for carrying the plan into effect, it would still be injudicious in its conception and unjust and harmful in its results. Under the legislation which Mr. Bryan advocates each National bank of the country would pay into the hands of the Government a certain sum of money annually, which may be likened to an insurance premium. This premium would vary in amount with the amount of deposits to be insured, just as fire insurance premiums vary with the value of the property protected. The strong and well-managed bank would pay a large premium. The feeble and incapable bank would pay a small premium. Thus the injustice would be created of compelling communities whose standards of thrift and honesty are high to pay for the damages wrought by communities that were slothful or incompetent.

On its face it appears very simple and attractive to promise the depositors of

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any National bank that fails an immediate payment of their claims by the Federal Government. A little thought makes it clear, however, that the inevitable result would be either that the Federal Government would practically have to administer the banks of the country, which means Government ownership of banks, or that reckless banking would be encouraged. Under the present system depositors are attracted to a bank by the character of the bank itself. Those depositors who want assurances of safety select a bank whose officers and whose history are such as to indicate that the deposits will be carefully guarded by all the precautions known to the best business management. Those depositors who are willing to take risks in order to get large returns for their money choose a bank that offers tempting returns in the way of easily made loans, high rates of interest, or other so-called "facilities." But human nature is such that no depositor will risk his deposit beyond a certain point. If, however, all deposits are insured by a fund which is collected under compulsion from all banks, from the conservative and careful as well as from the rash and speculative, the banks which offer the greatest inducements are likely to attract the greatest number of ignorant, thoughtless, or speculative depositors, whose funds will then be employed by bank officers and directors educated in the "get-rich-quick" school of banking.

If the Federal Government does its work of insurance properly, it is bound to save all it can of the assets of an insolvent bank, in order to make the depletion of the insurance fund as little as possible. This, of course, in the last analysis, means management of all banks by the Government. It is not to the point to say that failures of National banks are so infrequent that the Government would not often be called upon to collect the assets and pay the claims of insolvent institutions, for Mr. Bryan definitely states that he wishes to include in his plan all [State banks, trust companies, and savings banks. Our dissent from Mr. Bryan's proposal can be expressed completely in one short sentence. He believes that the business of banking should be delegated to the Government; we believe that it should be regulated by the Government.

To propose that the Federal Government shall launch out into the banking business on a gigantic scale; to propose that the depositors in the National City Bank or the Bowery Savings Bank of New York shall pay for the insurance of depositors in a newly organized savings bank or a trust company of doubtful reputation in a remote State; to urge that the whole country shall, to some extent, risk its savings and its quick cash capital in a new banking method, whose only practical recommendation is that it has been tried in the decidedly experimental State of Oklahoma for less than a year without disaster; to espouse the deposit guarantee plan on the ground that it will be a step in the direction of popular rights; and to condemn the postal savings bank plan of affording safe banking facilities to hundreds of communities which State or National banks can never serve, but which can easily be served by the post-office at any country cross-road—all this does not tend to strengthen confidence in Mr. Bryan's mode of thought about the principles of popular government, nor in the wisdom and efficacy of his philanthropic impulses.

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The Socialist Spirit

The Socialist programme, as interpreted by the platform of the Socialist party and by the books of its most intellectual leaders, involves the collective ownership of all producing property and the collective control of all producing industry. In this programme The Outlook does not believe. We think it would not be any remedy for present industrial ills; that it would aggravate the evils it seeks to cure.

But there is much in the Socialist spirit that is admirable. There are in it two elements that are wholly admirable.

It looks at the facts of life courageously. To thousands of men and women to-day life is a tragedy. They live in crowded sections of a city where they are denied participation in the common

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gifts of God—fresh air, pure water, cheering sunshine. They watch the ebbing life of their dear ones, knowing well that the deadly disease is needless; perhaps knowing that the mortality in their homes is three times what it is in the homes of the prosperous. They see their children denied the pleasures of childhood that they may help earn the daily bread of the household, or driven to seek their playgrounds in the squalid streets and their playmates among the hoodlums. They suffer sometimes the pangs of physical hunger and always the pangs of hunger of mind and soul for leisure and means to nourish the higher life. They are often unable to get work because no one will hire them, often compelled to take a wage barely sufficient to keep them in tolerable condition as working machines. The conditions of their employment are often neither comfortable nor sanitary; sometimes so far unendurable that the power to endure them is exhausted by half a score of years. When their wages are adequate and their conditions favorable, both are, or seem to them to be, dependent on the good will and the business capacity of an employer in the selection of whom they have no voice. They help to elect the President who administers the affairs of the Nation, but not the boss who administers the affairs of their mine or factory. In the profits of their industry they have no share; or, if some share is accorded to them, it is in the form of increased wages, not in the form of profits. And all the while they see neighbors whose problem appears to be, not how to live on their income, but how to spend it. It is not strange that, with Frederic Harrison, who is not a Socialist, they wonder, "Are rich men likely to prove of any real social use, or will it be better for society to abolish the institution?" Nor strange that they lend eager attention to reformers who propose to abolish rich men and give to the workers the ownership and the management of the mine and the factory.

Socialism has dared to see these facts and to make society see them. Socialism is making one half the world know how the other half lives. "A prudent man," says the proverb, "seeth the evil; the simple pass on and are mulcted." It was because in the century before Christ the simple would not see the evil that the Roman Republic was wrecked. It was because in the eighteenth century the simple would not see the evil that the feudal system in France was overturned by the fateful Revolution. Socialism sees, and is compelling a reluctant society to see, the evil of our present industrial system. It is true that these evils are portrayed elsewhere; by Carlyle, by Ruskin, by John Stuart Mill, by F. A. Walker. It is true that the Socialist pictures are sometimes exaggerations and often ill-proportioned. Nevertheless, for a vivid and even for a careful scientific account of the evils of the wages system the student must go to the Socialist literature. Too long the prosperous have been blind and deaf. Socialism sees and hears, and is compelling the prosperous to see and hear. For the courage and the persistence with which the Socialists reiterate their disagreeable revelation they deserve both honor and thanks.

With this spirit of courage goes a spirit of brotherhood. It is true that this is often marred by a distinctive and even a bitter class feeling, witnessed by the title of one Socialist publication, "The Class War;" indicated by the closing paragraph of the Socialist Political Platform, which demands for the workers the whole power of government and the sole control of industry.

Nevertheless, in the main a spirit of brotherhood inspires the great world-wide Socialist movement. It is not class ambition nor class jealousy that has drawn such men as Mr. Stokes into the Socialist movement in America, or such men as Jerome K. Jerome and R. J, Campbell and Lord Ribblesdale in England, or has won from even the conservative clergy in both continents so much sincere if not always intelligent sympathy. Even the class feeling is an advance on individual selfishness. "An injury to one is an injury to all" is as yet only a class motto, the motto of the trades union. So *Noblesse oblige* was a class motto, the motto of the feudal nobility. But either of them is better than the motto "Every man for himself

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and the devil take the hindmost," which is the motto of individualism.

The hopes of the Socialists are not class hopes. Illusive they may be, but they are certainly human. The Rev. Charles H. Vail, in his "Principles of Scientific Socialism," includes in his catalogue of the advantages of Socialism, increased production, orderly and equable distribution, prevention of waste, elevation of woman, better conditions for children, abolition of taxation, an end to enforced idleness, to business dishonesty, to divorce and to prostitution, the elimination of crime, the prevention of intemperance and insanity, and the cure of poverty. These hopes are very enticing. If they were only true or even plausible!

Socialism sees clearly social evils which have grown unendurable; it is animated by a spirit of brotherhood which is sometimes a class feeling, but is sometimes a feeling of humanity; and it prescribes a panacea from which it anticipates a millennium which will bring equal benefits to all. The antidote for Socialism is not in ignoring the evils which it portrays, but in seeing them more clearly and understanding more correctly the causes which have produced them. It is not in sneering at the spirit of brotherhood which the Socialists profess, but in a wider spirit of brotherhood which shall include the rich as well as the poor in its fellowship. It is not by simply pointing out the inadequacy of the proposed economic panacea, but in discerning and setting in operation those combined and co-operative forces—spiritual, intellectual, industrial, and political—which alone can regenerate society and so effectually reform its institutions. The Socialists would do well to ponder this sentence from Frederic Harrison: "We must regenerate domestic life, personal life, moral life, social life, political life, religious life, and not manufacturing and trading life alone." But that sentence the opponents of Socialism would also do well to ponder. For Socialism will win the opportunity to try its experiment, in spite of all opposition, unless its opponents have some better social order to offer to the world than a mere continuance of present conditions.

The Simplicity of Christ

Simple things are incredible because we have lost the inward simplicity that knows them by instinct; because we subtly flatter ourselves when we treat ideas and arts as if they were the possession of a few who speak a special language; because we exalt knowledge above truth, and the methods of art above its substance; because we construct a science of political economy and leave out affections, passions, and imagination; because we strive to make religion philosophy, morality a system of rules, and immortality a physical instead of a spiritual fact. We have turned the search for truth into a vast and complicated gymnastic instead of an inspiring and life-bringing climb heavenward. The Christ story has become incredible to many because its marvelous simplicity separates it so far from the elaborations of our intellectual life. We crave a philosophical formula, a scientific demonstration, and we are offered a story so simple that we pass it on to our children, so deeply and marvelously beautiful that we discard it as fact and cherish it as poetry. It is another version of the old fable of the gods coming in disguise and being rejected because of the blindness of men; of great happiness waiting at the door barred by the dullness of heart that did not turn when the guest knocked; of the divine cast out by men because it wore the guise of the human. At the heart of things there is a great simplicity, as there is a beautiful simplicity in noble men and women. Most of us are entangled in the knowledge we have so painfully piled up; we are only half-way through the process of being organized. We share the crudity which is part of an unfinished process, of a mass of things not yet put in order. We are so absorbed in elaborate methods that we often lose sight of the ends we are striving to achieve; we are putting tools and processes in place of art, scaffoldings in place of buildings, knowledge in place of truth. We deal with the vast materials that have accumulated too much as day laborers and too little as

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architects; we make rapid inventories of brick and mortar instead of postponing valuation until the house is finished. We are so misled by mere mass that we have lost the sense of structure, and count ourselves rich, not by reason of what we have completed, but by the store of materials we have piled up. Xerxes made the same mistake when he counted his unorganized cohorts and the compact and disciplined Greek phalanx with the same numerals, and did not understand that he was giving crude material the value of organized force.

We are so imposed upon by mass of material, and by the complexity that comes with a vast number of separate objects, that we have lost sight of the fact that a principle explains a million phenomena as readily as it explains a hundred; that the end of culture, as of spiritual striving, is that beautiful simplicity which is the test and charm of the highest natures; that beyond the confusion of half-knowledge and incomplete thinking, reflected in the complex and obscure style, truth lies like a limpid pool on the mountain with a star in its depths. Much of the vocabulary which philosophy has imposed upon itself and upon us is a barbarous professional jargon fast becoming as curious and antiquated as chain armor. Pedants have claimed precedence over scholars because their knowledge, like the peddler's stock in trade, was carried on their backs and could be spread out and counted to the last article; and impostors in religion, philosophy, and art have impressed their fellows and made a living by all manner of magical tricks. Many a man has sat on the sward oblivious of the wonder and majesty of the world about him, and been transported out of himself by the mechanical cunning of a Hindu magician. The words of Christ, like the truth they convey, lie in a region beyond philosophy, science, the processes of education. They express the finalities for which we strive; but we are so encumbered with machinery, tools, and processes that few of us pass through the methods and stages of culture to the lucid heaven of attainment where he lived, and the language which he spoke. We have gone so far astray that we have made skepticism, which is by its very nature a passing mood, the test of intellectual achievement, instead of faith, which is the irradiation of character by truth.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has no disposition to complain of the growth of Greater New York, although attained at the sacrifice of some of the picturesque and historic landmarks of the old time. But he is openly glad that one spot in the city has firmly resisted the invasion of sky-scrapers, tenements, and stores, and looks very much as it did when he was a boy. He cannot think without a pang of any great invasion of commercialism in this spot. It has remained unspoiled because it represents forces and interests which are of vital importance to the life of the city, and this is a case of the survival of the fittest. The spot he refers to is the park bisected by Second Avenue, and extending from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Street, known as Stuyvesant Square. Grand old trees, some of them among the oldest triumphs of urban forestry, flourish here, and under their abundant shade swarms of children disport themselves. They are not the children of Gramercy Park, a few blocks away, surrounded by a high fence and open only to key-holders; but, though not so well dressed, more mothers come with them than nurses, and the babies are far more numerous and play just as heartily as if they were not locked in or had not locked some one else out. To be sure, there is a fence around the park, but it is for protection rather than exclusiveness, and the gates are open wide at early morning and the curfew is late.

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On the west side of the square, filling the whole space between Fifteenth and Seventeenth Streets, are two groups of buildings presenting a strong contrast to each other. They do not belong to the present age of steel and concrete, but to the age of brick and stone. One group, occupying the block from Fif-

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teenth to Sixteenth Streets, belongs to the Society of Friends. The Quaker meeting-house is built of plain brick, with a little portico of wooden columns. There is no steeple, no stained glass in the windows, no bell, nothing physically or architecturally to suggest noise. Humility, simplicity, and quietude, now more rare than they used to be in our busy, strenuous city, are all expressed here. Not far to the north from the meeting-house is the Friends' school-house and seminary, built likewise of brick, with a generous space of land about it on three sides and the street on the other. Another building on Fifteenth Street, just beyond the meeting-house, the Pennington, is the Quaker refectory, likewise clean, simple, and quiet, and without a piano in the house.

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To the casual passer-by there seems to be very little going on in the Quaker group of buildings. No bells toll on First day for the meeting, and no clock on the school-house rings out the hour for the children; and the Quakers cannot consistently draw a crowd with bugle and drum. But though there are few signs of physical and external activity, a spirit of piety, humanity, and education, neither militant nor listless, hovers over the place. When quarterly meetings are held, and in the spring of the year the annual meeting, the whole place is invested with a pleasing yet noiseless animation. The meeting-house is well filled then with visiting Friends, and they may be seen sitting on the grass in front of the meeting-house, and the subjects about which they have a "concern" are not the surface things of life. They are interested in many aspects of social salvation; and not only opposed to corporal and capital punishment and to aggressive warfare, but to intemperance, injustice, and every form of social vice. In their quiet way they are mixing leaven for public sentiment. None but native American faces are seen in these meetings—and it would seem a little odd to hear "thee" and "thou" spoken with a foreign accent. But when one goes to the Quaker school and to the kindergarten, then there is grateful evidence that, without propagandism, the Friends are seeking to mold and influence the eddies and currents of the great turbulent stream of the East Side. Hebrew, Italian, and occasionally colored children are seen in the kindergarten. They are not there to learn the conscientious singularities of Quaker grammar, but to become good Americans and good men and women.

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The other buildings, on the north side of Sixteenth Street, present a strong contrast to the Quaker group by their ecclesiastical character. It is clear that St. George's is not a meeting-house, but a church. Its bell calls the flock to worship, the clock in the tower rings out the hours, and many people set their watches by its dial. The ivy has garnished its walls with green. A little further down the street is the rector's house, with a patch of lawn; and just beyond that the memorial parish house, and opposite the deaconess house, the string of dwellings reaching nearly the length of the block, and other rooms are needed elsewhere for the multiplied activities of this great church. Fifty years ago this church was mainly for the fashionable and well-to-do who lived close around it; migration and immigration have swept the rich uptown and flooded the East Side with aliens, but St. George's has not been swept from its moorings into another territory, nor has it been left stranded like the ark on Ararat, as if its work were done. If one wants to know what goes on here, let him start with the Sunday-school on Sunday morning and go through everything on the programme, religious, educational, philanthropic, from Sunday morning till Saturday night, and he will scarcely find a single hour from breakfast till 11 P.M. in which something is not going on somewhere—something of rest, worship, education, or recreation—under the patronage or inspiration of St. George's. Then let him take the Year Book of the church, and he will see how many things he has missed because he could not be in two places at once. The inspiration of a great leader, Dr. Rainsford, is still felt in all this work, so earnestly carried on by his successor. One thing which much

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impresses the Spectator is that at St. George's the rich and the poor may be found worshiping together; men of civic and commercial and national distinction, millionaires and social leaders, side by side, in this free church, with those who live on what they earn from day to day.

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But what have the church and the meeting-house to do with each other? They are a short block apart, but separated by a wider historic and liturgic difference. Their worship is as different as a piece of plain homespun is from rich brocade. They are so far apart in ceremony and tradition that there is no rivalry, and one might think no sympathy, between them. Yet almost unconsciously each body of worshipers has come to be influenced by a cardinal element in the worship of the other. One of these is silence and the other is music. Silence is an individual rather than a social element in the worship of the church, but St. George's is open from morning till evening, and the worshiper who seeks relief from the busy crowd may find the open door and the open pew and offer his silent prayer. In the Quaker meeting-house the silence is social and often more impressive than the worded prayer. It is easy then to agree with Rabbi Simeon Ben Gamaliel, who said: "All the days of my life have been passed among sages, and I have never found anything better for man than silence."

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On one of the hottest First days in July the Spectator wended his way to the meeting-house, not quite sure that he would find it open. But open it was, both doors and windows, and in every seat was a fan to stir the air silently. He was greeted in the tender familiar dialect and lapsed into the communal silence, broken only at first by the rush of an elevated train on Third Avenue, or by the unmusical overture of sparrows in the park. Then slowly the zone of calm between the church and the meeting-house began to vibrate to sweet tones. They were wafted into the meeting-house as softly and gently as a baby's prayer. No words were discernible, but a gentle breeze wafted tone and reverent rhythm across the grateful spaces furnished by the Quaker yard. No Friend rose to shut the window; there was no intrusion here; the music floated in just as if it were welcome and as if it were needed as a tuneful obligato for the voice of a Friend whom the spirit had moved to break the silence.

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Then the Spectator thought of the beautiful way in which a few years ago the organ tones of St. George's had suffused with poetic beauty a marriage service in the meeting-house. The bride and the groom were loyal Quakers. They wished to give themselves to each other in their own house of worship without minister or book, attested by the sacred witness of loving friends. One thing, however, the bride longed for—the music of a wedding march. How could it be supplied? What a scandal would it be to introduce a cabinet organ or a quartet of strings in the Quaker meeting-house! There was a better and an easier and a more beautiful way. The organist of St. George's had never in his life acted as organist for a Quaker meeting-house, but he genially consented. The north windows of the meeting-house and the south windows of the church were opened wide. Signals were arranged. The bride and groom were on the threshold; the signal was passed from the door of the meeting-house to the door of the church, and then to the organist. The grand organ burst into a wedding march, and slowly and solemnly the happy pair marched, not to the chancel or altar, but to the head of the aisle. Their sacred vows were given; once more the signal was sent. Again the organ, like a benediction after prayer, played a joyous recessional, and the glad-hearted man and wife marched out. Seldom is it that two churches take part in the same wedding at the same time. But here was a double wedding, and these old and sacred places of worship were joined by a holy bridge of sound; and to the Spectator, who finds a pleasure from time to time in worshiping in both of these temples, they do not seem so far apart as they used to be.

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THE CONVICT LEASE SYSTEM OF GEORGIA

BY A. J. McKELWAY

ONE of the far-reaching results of the Civil War and of the reconstruction measures is the very natural feeling developed among the people of the South that they are not personally responsible for certain unfortunate consequences to the negro race. The convict lease system of Georgia is an inheritance from that period. At the outbreak of the war the State had a penitentiary located at the former State capital, Milledgeville. The convicts detained within its walls, some two hundred in number, were given their freedom on condition that they enlisted in the Confederate army. The penitentiary buildings were destroyed by the Federal army. After the Constitutional Convention of 1865 and the re-establishment of civil government, the enfranchised negroes began to manifest criminal tendencies to an alarming extent, and a number of crimes formerly ranked as felonies were reduced to the grade of misdemeanors, the courts being authorized to sentence misdemeanor convicts to the chain-gangs, some counties maintaining their own chain-gangs, while others sent their convicts to the State chain-gang. In 1867 the reconstruction acts were passed by Congress, the State Government abolished, and General Ruger given entire charge of the administration. He found a problem in the increasing number of criminals and the depleted revenues of the State, with the penitentiary buildings destroyed. He made the first convict lease to a citizen by the name of Fort, who gave $2,500 for the labor of a hundred convicts for a year. In 1869 the "scalawag" Governor, Bulloch, leased five hundred convicts to a firm of contractors, without any authority of law, testimony being afterwards adduced that a bribe had been paid to one of Bulloch's closest and most influential friends.

The system thus originating has continued until now, the last five-year lease of convicts terminating in April, 1909. The penitentiary buildings have never been rebuilt. The number of white felony convicts has increased in forty-five years from 200 to 320. But there are 2,244 negro felony convicts, while the misdemeanor convicts on the chain-gangs are 2,285 negroes and 147 white, ninety-one per cent of the whole prison population being negroes. In the recent legislative investigation of the convict lease system a witness would frequently speak of a convict as a "nigger," when it was found that he meant a white man. Of the felony convicts, 1,595 were convicted of murder in its varying degrees, or of rape, or of attempts at these two crimes. These facts may indicate partly why the blistering shame of the convict lease system has been so long tolerated by a civilized State.

But the continuance of the system has been due to the corrupting influences that have arisen out of the enormous profits of the system to individuals and in lesser measure to the State, and to the timidity of politicians at inaugurating a reform. There have been protests against the evil all along by humane and enlightened Georgians, and one of the protestants was a martyr to the cause of humanity, Colonel Alston having been killed by one Cox on account of his severe criticisms of existing abuses. Every now and then there has arisen a wave of public indignation at the stories of cruelties to the helpless convicts. During Governor Gordon's administration Hoke Smith appeared as prosecutor of Colonel James P. Smith, one of the "convict kings." Colonel Smith was one of the aspirants to the Governorship whom Hoke Smith defeated in 1906, and Hoke Smith's administration will probably see the end of the system, an extra session of the Legislature having been called by him for the consideration of this problem. An investigating committee was appointed at the regular

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session, and its report is not the futile whitewashing which has generally called forth protests by individual legislators but has been nevertheless accepted under the political influences that so long held control of the State.

To continue the history of the system, the Legislature of 1871 passed an act ratifying the Bulloch lease and authorizing the continuance of the lease for two years. In 1874 a new lease for twenty years was authorized, and ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown was active in securing the passage of the act, organized a lessee company which had the pick of the convicts, and is supposed to have made a large part of his fortune in the profits of the lease. In 1896 a political issue was made of the convict lease system, and Seaborn Wright, Independent candidate for Governor, indorsed by the Populist party, forced from the Democratic candidate the pledge that the lease should be abolished if he should be kept in power. The Legislature, however, violated this party obligation, contending that the abolition of the lease should be gradual, the number of convicts having increased to 2,000. It did authorize the establishment of a prison farm, where the juvenile offenders, the aged, and the infirm were to be located. The remaining convicts were leased for five years, the "price" being about $100 each per year, and the solemn pledge was given that the State would resume its proper functions in the punishment of crime at the termination of this lease. But this time the State received some revenue from the lease, and in 1903 a new lease of five years was authorized, and the convicts under this lease, through competitive bidding, brought an average of $225 a year to the State.

The system was organized as follows: The complete control was in the hands of the Prison Commission, of three members, J. S. Turner, Chairman, General Clement C. Evans, and Tom Eason. They were authorized to employ a clerk, and Goodloe Yancey was called "Secretary," drawing one salary as clerk, another as bookkeeper of the Commission, and a third as bookkeeper for the Reformatory. It was not allowed by law to pay more than $100 a month to a warden, but Jake Moore was given that salary for the oversight of the felony convict camps, and an additional $40 a month for the oversight of the misdemeanor camps. He was termed State Warden. There was, besides, a superintendent of the prison farm and his subordinates, and at each convict camp a warden, and sometimes an assistant warden, employed by the Commission to see that its rules were observed by the lessees in the care of the convicts; and the guards, also employed by the Commission to keep the convicts from escaping. A prison physician was also employed by the Commission to look after the health of the convicts. Theoretically, there was thus some protection against the greed and cruelty of such lessees as wished to get the last ounce of work out of the convicts under their contracts. Practically, there was no such protection given.

As is usual in such cases, the accusations and counter-accusations of favoritism and graft led to the revelations that have shamed the State and shocked the country.

The Penitentiary Committee of the Legislature of 1907–8 made a partial investigation of some of the convict camps, between the two terms of the Legislature. It reported that some of the camps were in a shocking condition as to the health, the overwork, and the diet of the prisoners. It also reported to Governor Smith and the Prison Commission that Jake Moore, State Warden, had collected commissions from the lessees on several occasions for the transfer of convicts from one to the other party. His influence with the Commission seems to have been unbounded, and upon his confession of this error he was allowed to resign. The Committee reported that some of the wardens and guards employed by the State were also in the pay of the lessees. This fact had been charged as early as 1904 by a rival of Chairman Turner in the race for his position. But the Commission asserted entire ignorance of the practice, and ordered its discontinuance. This order was obeyed in some instances and coolly disregarded in others. It was even defended by the lessees on the

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ground that they were unable to secure competent men for the position of warden at the salaries the Commission was allowed by law to pay.

In the gubernatorial race this year Hoke Smith was defeated for re-election by Joseph M. Brown, son of the former Governor who made the convict lease of 1874. It was freely charged during the campaign that some of the convict lessees contributed to Mr. Brown's campaign fund. The Convention that nominated him, however, at the instance of Colonel Pendleton, of the Macon Telegraph, adopted a protest against the "traffic in convicts," and suggested their employment on public works. Immediately after the nomination, which is equivalent to election in Georgia, a banquet was given Governor-elect Brown by one of the "convict kings," and a photograph was taken of Mr. Brown seated between the convict lessee and ex-Governor Terrell, who, as Attorney-General of the State, had acted as the attorney of the convict king in a dispute with another of the lessees. Then the Atlanta Georgian, which had supported Mr. Brown, began its noteworthy exposure of the convict lease system, incidentally scoring the participants in this banquet. It is only fair to say that there is nothing to connect Mr. Brown personally with the continuance of the system, save this inheritance and environment. He is a silent man, who keeps his own counsel.

The charges brought by the Georgian, of cruelty in the convict camps and of malfeasance in office, led to the appointment of the investigating committee by the Legislature. As the present lease expires in April next and the new administration does not take charge until next June, it was evidently the duty of this Legislature to make provision for the care of the convicts. Chairman Holder, of the Penitentiary Committee of the House, introduced a bill providing for another lease of five years, with some remedy for current abuses. But in the meantime the stories of cruelties to the convicts were being told to the investigating committee, and the whole system was seen to be permeated with incompetence, while everywhere there was the suspicion of graft. The Holder bill, after prolonged discussion, was changed so that its friends could hardly recognize it. But it provided that there should be another lease, terminating in 1911. It was followed by the adoption in the House of a bill calling for an amendment to the Constitution which should provide against any continuance of the lease system after 1911. This bill was introduced by Hooper Alexander, Seaborn Wright, Murphy Candler, and W. A. Covington, leaders in the fight against the lease system, and passed by an overwhelming majority. But the Senate postponed action until Governor Smith, who had let it be known that he would veto any measure which would allow the continuation of the system, announced that he would call an extra session, when an attempt was made to rush the Holder bill through the session. The enemies of the lease system were on guard, and the Senate adjourned without taking any action.

The ramifications and complications of the lease system were clearly shown by undisputed testimony and the unconscious admissions of those who controlled the system and those who were its financial beneficiaries. It was shown that Jake Moore was a real estate partner of one Dr. Hamby, who was the chief "convict broker" under the present lease. Hamby's partner, Toomey, testified that he had cleared some $180,000 by his share in the profits arising from the subletting of the 500 convicts bid for by the firm. Hamby was allowed 175 convicts over the 500, at his original bid of $221 a year, when the Commission was aware that he was subletting some of these at $630 a year, and another of the original lessees who had made a higher bid could not get them and was obliged to sub-lease from Hamby. Secretary Yancey had a son who was a brother-in-law of Hamby. Young Yancey and another Hamby, a relative of Dr. Hamby, had themselves made a venture in the hire of convicts, being financed by Dr. Hamby and coming out of the venture with Yancey $5,000 in debt to Hamby. Jake Moore was also in debt to Dr. Hamby about the same amount. The real estate firm

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of Hamby and Moore had received a commission of $1,000 from a Dr. Holmes. Dr. Holmes had been one of the original lessees, but had kindly sublet his convicts to a friend at a handsome profit, and, finding it difficult to work his large farm with free labor, had applied to the Commission for convicts from the State farm, where the aged and sick convicts were supposed to be cared for. Attorney-General Hart gave his opinion that this would be unlawful; so the Legislature obligingly passed an Act providing that these convicts—the second and third rate ones—should also be leased. One of the members of the Legislature passing this Act was W. S. West, afterwards President of the Senate and lately one of the delegates-at-large to the Denver Convention. It was developed that Mr. West was a partner of Dr. Holmes in his enterprise of running a farm with these convicts. Dr. Holmes also paid an extra compensation to the warden in charge, the same having a high recommendation from Captain James P. Smith. The system seems to have been a refuge for the incompetents who had to be cared for by political friends. One of the guards is a son of ex-Governor Candler. One of the physicians, put in charge of a convict camp of five hundred men a year after his graduation in medicine, was a son of ex-Governor Atkinson. The system even had its representatives in the Legislature. Senator Brock had been a camp physician, was also paid by the lessee, and his brother was a drunken warden, transferred from one camp to another on the complaint of the lessees that he was incompetent and a dangerously cruel man when intoxicated. Senator Brock was chairman of the Senate Penitentiary Committee. He lost the report from the Chattahoochee Brick Company, in which the Englishes, father and sons, were the chief stockholders. This camp was condemned for its cruelties and the neglect of the health of the convicts. Fortunately, a carbon copy of the report had been preserved. Senator Brock was appointed on the investigating committee from the Senate, but considerately resigned after these revelations were made. A relative of Chairman Turner's wife, one Coombs, was superintendent of the State farm, where a juvenile reformatory had recently been established, and where the aged and sick convicts were detained, many of the latter coming from the convict camps as victims of ill-treatment and overwork. Superintendent Coombs turned over all the financial affairs of the farm to his son-in-law, Maxwell, as bookkeeper. Maxwell testified in effect that he knew nothing of bookkeeping; that he only put down the amount of money deposited at the bank by Coombs; that he did not even keep a pass-book with the bank; that he did not know what a trial balance was. Coombs had two sons on the pay-roll as guards, one now fifteen and the other seventeen, and two nephews, one of whom began his career as a guard at the ripe age of eleven.

The absolute breaking down of the organization of the system as a protection to the convicts against the lessees was clearly shown by the admissions of the officials under oath. General Clement C. Evans, of the Commission, is one of the most respected and beloved citizens of the State. He was recently elected Commander of the Confederate Veterans, succeeding General Stephen D. Lee. Behind his sterling character the abuses of the system had long intrenched themselves, making the impeachment of the Prison Commission practically an impossibility. It ought to be said, however, that General Evans's age and infirmities should have prevented his serving in a position which required such constant vigilance to protect the convicts from the inhumanity of the lessees. It was brought out in the investigation that General Evans was the only one of the Commission who appeared regularly at the office, and that his work had been almost wholly confined to the investigation of the cases presented to the Commission for pardon. He was as much shocked as any one at the revelations of cruelty and graft, and denounced as altogether improper what his associates endeavored to defend.

In their latest and, we trust, last report, the Prison Commission say: "Under the present system no convicts are in the custody or control of any individual or company, every person directing,

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controlling, or caring for them being appointed and paid by the State through the Prison Commission." It was brought out in the investigation that practically every warden and guard in the State was paid by the lessees, many of them receiving the greater part of their pay from the lessees. The wardens were superintendents of brick works and coal mines and lumber mills and turpentine farms. Some of the wardens said solemnly on the stand that they did not report as wardens their own misdoings as superintendents. This system of bribing the State's officials has gone on under the noses of the Commission for years, and, if they were ignorant of it, it seems to have been known to every one else connected with the system. When asked if they read the monthly reports from the camps, many of which were found to report violations of the Commission's own rules, the chairman said that these reports were not examined by the Commission unless something important was brought to their attention by the secretary. When Secretary Yancey took the stand, he declared that he did not examine the reports, as the main dependence was upon the inspectors, whose business it was to report abuses. When the inspectors took the stand, it was learned that the assistant inspector reported to a chief inspector; they were able to get around to the camps about once in three months; they both depended upon the reports of the wardens, who were in the pay of the lessees; and the chief inspector turned out to be a decrepit old man of seventy-three years, and manifestly incapable of performing the duties of his office. Thus, by the admission of the officials themselves, it was developed that there was no protector to stand between the lessees and the convicts whose labor they had hired, and prevent ill-treatment. With such a system, which the Prison Commission referred to in its report as having produced "gratifying results," since the members of the Commission "have devoted their best efforts to make the system a financial success," it was inevitable that inhumanities and scandals should abound. The unconscious attitude of the officials was the "avoidance of all friction" with the lessees, that the present and prospective profits of the system might be the greater. The Commission, in a signed statement to the press, after the Legislature convened, roundly asserted that it was false that in the legal camps "inhuman or cruel practices exist." It is true that the testimony as to these inhumanities came mainly from ex-convicts and ex-wardens and guards. Yet the convicts had been pardoned upon the advice of the Prison Commission, and they testified as to wrongs done to others, while some of the wardens had resigned on account of the inhumanities of the system.

It would be a wearying if not a sickening task to relate in detail what was told the legislative Committee. One negro convict was smothered to death by being wrapped in blankets and put near a stove. This was investigated by the Commission a year after its occurrence, upon information of an ex-convict. The physician who allowed this act of murder died and no one was punished. A negro was whipped to death, and the physician diagnosed the case as congestion from too much drinking of water. A negro lad was whipped so unmercifully that he was maimed for life. He exhibited his scars to the Committee. A white man refusing to work and threatening the warden with a razor was shot to death, though the man was shackled and the warden could have easily avoided him. A negro dying of consumption was found in a filthy condition in a mule shed. Perhaps the most pitiful case was that of a white boy, Abe Winn, sixteen years of age, convicted of stealing a can of potted ham, who threw some scalding coffee on a warden's hog, and was so brutally beaten that he was taken at once to the hospital, where he died a few weeks later of "tuberculosis." He was shamefully neglected in his illness, and it matters little whether he died of the whipping or whether a boy in the last stages of tuberculosis was beaten by the warden's orders. Some of the testimony as to the whippings is actually unprintable. The accusations of cruelties seem about evenly divided between the camps

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controlled by the Englishes and the mines worked by Joel Hurt, the falling out of these lessees having contributed a good deal of enlightenment as regards the system. At the English camps the convicts were worked on the run; at the Hurt mines they were daily whipped for not completing their "tasks."

The people of Georgia have been intensely aroused over this record of incompetence and brutality and greed. The members of the Legislature have received letters and telegrams and petitions innumerable. Mass-meetings have been held in a number of cities. There was a monster mass-meeting in the Opera-House at Atlanta one Sunday afternoon protesting against any further continuance of the lease system. Out of it grew a State Prison Reform Association, which has recently applied for a charter, an organization which will be of immense benefit to the State.

One of the worst indictments against the Prison Commission has been the utter neglect of the juvenile reformatory, which was put under its care.

What the Legislature will do with the problem is as yet undetermined. But it has been burned into the hearts of the humane people of Georgia that the State should never delegate to private individuals the right to punish crime, that it is not good even for the State to profit by the crimes of its citizens, and that the burden of the expense of criminality should be keenly felt in order that the more effort may be made for the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE HELPFULNESS OF THE MOUNTAINS

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains.—Psalm xxxvi. 6.

THE great mountains may be compared to an old man who bears the marks of fierce passions which agitated his youth, the violence of which has not been tempered by old age but only held in by a certain sullen reserve. Ascending one of these great mountains, you leave the fertile valleys, pass through dark somber forests which fringe their base, enter the region of stunted growths, pass beyond them where moss and lichens are the only signs of life, and finally, leaving even these below, come into the region of perpetual ice and snow, crossing glaciers whose cavernous crevasses, were you to slip, would prove awful burying-places, and speaking in whispers lest the vibration of your voice should loosen the trembling avalanche, and the glittering snow become your winding-sheet.

And yet this mountain, so sterile, so forbidding, so awful, is a minister of divine beneficence.

Mountain chains have been the refuge of the oppressed in all ages. To the rocky ranges of Mount Horeb, Israel flees from the persecutions of Egypt; in the mountains of Greece freedom finds a refuge from Persian hosts; in the valleys and on the mountain-sides of Switzerland liberty is cradled, when everywhere else in Europe despotism is triumphant; in the mountains of northern Italy the Waldenses keep alive a pure and simple faith for centuries before Protestantism is born.

Mountains are the birthplaces of the great rivers. The Amazon is the child of the Andes. The snow and ice which clothe the inaccessible peaks of the Alps are the reservoirs of Europe; the south winds coming from the Desert of Sahara, laden with moisture from the Mediterranean, deposit their precious cargoes on these mountain peaks, from which in turn the water is taken off by later winds and deposited by cloud chariots over the plains of northern Europe.

"Thy righteousness," says the Psalm-

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ist, "is like the great mountain." It is the righteousness of God which makes him the refuge of the unrighteous soul. In Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," one of the greatest theological treatises ever written, the pure and timid Hilda will not receive into her companionship the sinful and sorrowing Miriam. "If," she says, "I were one of God's angels, with a nature incapable of stain, and garments that never could be spotted, I would keep ever at your side, and try to lead you upward. But I am a poor, lonely girl, whom God has set here in an evil world, and given her only a white robe, and bid her wear it back to Him, as white as when she put it on. Your powerful magnetism would be too much for me. The pure white atmosphere, in which I try to discern what things are good and true, would be discolored. And therefore, Miriam, before it is too late, I mean to put faith in this awful heart-quake which warns me henceforth to avoid you." Hilda's fear for her own righteousness makes her incapable of being a refuge to Miriam in her unrighteousness.

It is always so. The good man never repels the evil man because he is too righteous to be merciful, but because he is not righteous enough. He who fears and fights skepticism proves by his very fears that he is half a skeptic. He is at enmity with the man who does not believe at all, because he is in perpetual fear lest his half-belief shall be taken from him. Christ could be not only the friend but the companion of sinners, because he had no fear lest his white garment should be discolored by the contact. When Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans, that, through Jesus Christ, God can be both the judge and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus, he does not mean that because Jesus has suffered God can righten men; he means that the character and work of Jesus Christ shows that God possesses the kind of righteousness that does righten men. God's righteousness makes him a refuge for the unrighteous. Mercy and righteousness are not enemies to be reconciled. Mercy is the forthputting of a perfect righteousness.

And this righteousness of God, the refuge of men, is the life of men. The glaciers which fill the mountain ravines, Michelet called "the devil's chariots;" but Michelet was wrong. They are the chariots of the Lord, and beneath a forbidding exterior hide a great beneficence. From these ice ravines flow the streams that give life to the valleys. The clouds may forget their mission, or the winds may fail to bring them; but the rivers that flow from these reservoirs of God never fail. Like those rich but unhappy mortals who deny themselves the pleasure of giving while they live, and endeavor to compensate for their miserliness in life by their benefactions in death, the glacier dies in the valley and bequeaths its wealth to a river.

Not joys only, but no less sorrows, are gifts of the good God. The hard experiences bring to humanity that life which is better than gladness. Says James Martineau:

> The Roman poet (Lucretius) would have preferred a human estate all under culture, compact and occupied, uniform in temperature, and with no more water than was needed for irrigation and for drink; with no moor and mountain to part the fields, no freshening play of ocean and air where man is not, no refrigerating winds to fling a wreath of snow, no African glow to cross over and move the Alpine glaciers; but a snug little planet, without a waste or a wild beast, and so comfortable that it would soon swarm like a Chinese empire or an ant-hill, and no "one could be alone on all the earth." This is the landscape gardening of philosophy, from which, for my part, I gladly escape back to the wild forest or the open sea, or even the stern wonders of the icebergs and the northern lights.

In this James Martineau does but repeat in less sublime language what the Hebrew poet uttered many centuries ago: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. This is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

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THE NOTICE-BOARD[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

Author of "The Wanderer in London," "Listener's Lure," etc., etc.

THE FIRST OF FIVE TALES ABOUT CHILDREN

ONCE upon a time there was a family called Morgan—Mr. Morgan the father, Mrs. Morgan the mother, Christopher Morgan, aged twelve, Claire Morgan, aged nine, Betty Morgan, aged seven, a fox-terrier, a cat, a bullfinch, a nurse, a cook, a parlor-maid, a housemaid, and a boy named William. William hardly counts, because he came only for a few hours every day, and then lived almost wholly in the basement, and when he did appear above-stairs it was always in the company of a coal-scuttle. That was the family; and at the time this story begins it had just removed from Bloomsbury to Bayswater.

While the actual moving was going on, Christopher Morgan, Claire Morgan, and Betty Morgan, with the dog and the bullfinch, had gone to Sandgate to stay with their grandmother, who, with extraordinary good sense, lived in a house with a garden that ran actually to the beach, so that, although in stormy weather the lawn was covered with pebbles, in fine summer weather you could run from your bedroom into the sea in nothing but a bath-towel or a dressing-gown, or one of those bath-towels which are dressing-gowns. Christopher used to do this, and Claire would have joined him but that the doctor forbade it on account of what he called her defective circulation—two long words which mean cold feet.

When, however, the moving was all done and the new house quite ready, the three children and the dog and the bullfinch returned to London, and, getting by great good luck a taxicab at Charing Cross, were whirled to No. 23 Westerham Gardens almost in a minute, at a cost of two-and-eightpence, with fourpence supplement for the luggage. Christopher sat on the front seat, watching the meter all the time, and calling out whenever it had swallowed another twopence. The first eightpence, as you have probably also noticed, goes slowly, but after that the twopences disappear just like sweets.

It is, as you know, a very exciting thing to move to a new house. Everything seems so much better than in the last, especially the cupboards and the wall-papers. In place of the old bell-pulls you find electric bells, and there is a speaking-tube between the dining-room and the kitchen, and the coal-cellar is much larger, and the bath-room has a better arrangement of taps, and you can get hot water on the stairs. But, of course, the electric light is the most exciting thing of all, and it was so at Westerham Gardens, because in Bloomsbury there had been gas. But Mr. Morgan was exceedingly serious about it, and delivered a lecture on the importance—the vital importance—of always turning off the switch as you leave the room, unless, of course, there is some one in it.

Christopher and Claire and Betty were riotously happy in their new home for some few days, especially as they were so near Kensington Gardens, only a very little way, in fact, from the gate where the Dogs' Cemetery is.

And then suddenly they began to miss something. What it was they had no idea; but they knew that in some mysterious way, nice as the new house was, in one respect it was not so nice as the old one. Something was lacking.

It was quite by chance that they discovered what it was; for, being sent one morning to Whiteley's, on their return they entered Westerham Gardens by a new way, and there on a board fixed to the railings of the corner house they read the terrible words:

> ORGANS AND STREET CRIES PROHIBITED

Then they all knew in an instant what it was that had vaguely been troubling

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them in their new house. It was a house without music—a house that stood in a neighborhood where there were no bands, no organs, and no costermongers.

"What a horrid shame!" said Claire. And then they began to talk about the organs and bands that used to come to their old home in Bloomsbury.

"Do you remember the Italian woman in the yellow handkerchief on Thursday mornings during French?" said Christopher.

"Yes," said Betty, "and the monkey boy with the accordion on Mondays."

"And the Punch and Judy on Wednesday afternoons," said Claire.

"And 'Fresh wallflowers,' 'Nice wallflowers!' at eleven o'clock every day in spring," said Christopher.

"And the band that always played 'Poppies' on Tuesday evenings at bedtime," said Claire.

"And the organ with the panorama on Friday mornings," said Betty.

"And the best organ of all, that had one new tune every week, on Saturdays," said Christopher.

"It must be a great day for the organists when they have a new tune," said Claire.

"Yes," said Betty; "but you have forgotten the funniest of all—the old man with a wooden leg on Tuesday and Friday."

"But he had only one tune," said Christopher.

"It was a very nice tune," said Betty. "But why I liked him was because he always nodded and smiled at me."

"That was only his trick," said Christopher. "They all do that if they think you have a penny."

"I don't care," said Betty, stoutly; "he did it as if he meant it."

That night, just after Claire had undressed, Christopher came in and sat on her bed. "I've got an idea," he said. "Let's have a new notice-board painted with

ORGANS AND STREET CRIES INVITED

on it, and have it fixed on our railings. Then we shall get some music again. I reckon that Mr. Randall's son would make it just like the other for about four shillings, and that's what we've got."

Mr. Randall's son was the family carpenter, and he was called that because his father had been the family carpenter before him for many years. When his father, Mr. Randall, was alive, the son had no name, but was always referred to as Mr. Randall's son, and now that the old man was dead he was still spoken of in that way, although he was a man of fifty and had sons of his own. (But what they would be called it makes my head ache to think.)

Mr. Randall's son smiled when he was asked if he could and would make a notice-board. "I will, Master Christopher," he said; "but I'm thinking you had better spend your money on something else. A nice boat, now, for the Round Pond. Or a pair of stilts—I could make you a pair of stilts in about an hour." Poor Christopher looked wistful, and then bravely said that he would rather have the notice-board. After giving careful instructions as to the style of painting the words, he impressed upon Mr. Randall's son the importance of wrapping the board very carefully in paper when he brought it back, because it was a surprise.

"A surprise!" said Mr. Randall's son, with a great hearty laugh; "I should think it will be a surprise to some of 'em. I'd like to be there to see the copper's face when he reads it."

Mr. Randall's son was not there to see the copper's face; but the copper—by which Mr. Randall's son meant the policeman—did read it in the company of about forty other persons, chiefly errand-boys and cabmen, in front of the Morgans' house on the morning after Christopher had skillfully fixed it to the area railings; and having read it, he walked off quickly to the nearest police station to take advice.

The result was that, just as Mr. Morgan was leaving for the city, the policeman knocked at the door and asked to see him.

Mr. Morgan soon afterwards came from the study and showed the policeman out, and then he sent for Christopher. After Christopher had confessed,

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"My dear boy," he said, "this won't do at all. That notice-board at the end of this street means either that the owners of Westerham Gardens or a large number of the tenants wish the neighborhood to be free from street music. If we, who are newcomers, set up notice-boards to a contrary effect, we are doing a very rude and improper thing. I quite understand that you miss the organs that we used to have, but the only way to get them back would be to obtain the permission of every one in the Gardens; and that, of course, is absurd." With these words, which he afterwards wished he had never used, Mr. Morgan hurried off to the nearest Tube to make money in the city, which was how he spent his days.

Christopher carried the news to Claire, who at once said, "Then we must go to every house to get leave."

"Of course," said Christopher. "How ripping!"

And they started immediately.

It would take too long to tell you how they got on at each house. From some they were sent away; at others they met with sympathy.

Their words to the servant who opened the door were: "Please give your mistress the compliments of No. 23, and ask if she really wants street music to be prohibited."

"Of course we don't, my dears," said an old lady at No. 14. "We should love to have a nice pianoforte organ every now and then, or even a band; but it would never do to say so. Every one is so select about here. Why, in that house opposite lives the widow of a Lord Mayor."

Claire made a note of the number to tell Betty, who loved rank and grandeur, and then they ascended the next steps, where they found the most useful person of all, a gentleman who came down to see them, smoking a pipe and wearing carpet slippers. "In reply to your question," he said, "I should welcome street music; but the matter has nothing to do either with me or with you. It is all settled by the old lady at the corner, the house to which the notice-board is fixed. It is she who owns the property, and it is she who stops the organs. If you want to do any good you must see her. Her name is Miss Seaton, and as you will want a little cake and lemonade to give you strength for the interview, you had better come in here for a moment." So saying, he led them into the dining-room, which was hung with colored pictures of hunting and racing, and made them very comfortable, and then sent them off with best wishes for good luck.

Telling Claire to wait a moment, Christopher ran off to their own house for the board, and returned quickly with it wrapped up under his arm. He rang the bell of the corner house boldly, and then, seeing a notice which ran, "Do not knock unless an answer is required," knocked boldly, too. It was opened by an elderly butler. "Please tell Miss Seaton that Mr. and Miss Morgan from No. 23 would like to see her," said Christopher.

"On what business?" asked the butler.

"On important business to Westerham Gardens," said Christopher.

"Wait here a moment," said the butler, and creaked slowly upstairs. "Here" was the hall, and they sat on a polished mahogany form, with a little wooden roller at each end, exactly opposite a stuffed dancing bear with his arms hungry for umbrellas. Upstairs they heard a door open and a muttered conversation, and then the door shut and the butler creaked slowly down again.

"Will you come this way?" he said, and creaked slowly up once more, followed by the children, who had great difficulty in finding the steps at that pace, and showed them into a room in which was sitting an old lady in a high-backed armchair near the fire. On the hearth-rug were five cats, and there was one in her lap and one on the table. "Oh!" thought Claire, "if only Betty were here!" For Betty not only loved rank and grandeur but adored cats.

"Well," said the old lady, "what is it?"

"If you please," said Christopher, "we have come about the notice-board outside, which says, 'Organs and street cries prohibited.'"

"Yes," Claire broke in; "you see, we have just moved to No. 23, and at our old home—in Bloomsbury, you know—

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there was such a lot of music, and a Punch and Judy, and there's none here, and we wondered if it really meant it."

"Because," Christopher went on, "it seemed to us that this notice-board"—and here he unwrapped the new one—"could just as easily be put up as the one you have. We had it made on purpose." And he held it up before Miss Seaton's astonished eyes.

"'Organs and street cries *invited!*'" she exclaimed. "Why, I never heard such a thing in my life. They drive me frantic."

"Couldn't you put cotton-wool in your ears?" Claire asked.

"Or ask them to move a little further on—nearer No. 23?" said Christopher.

"But, my dear children," said the old lady, "you really are very willful. I hope your father and mother don't know what you are doing."

"No," said Christopher.

"Well, sit down, both of you," said Miss Seaton, "and let us talk it over." So they sat down, and Claire took up one of the cats and stroked it behind the ears, and Miss Seaton asked them a number of questions.

After a while she rang the bell for the butler, who creaked in and out and then in again with cake and a rather good syrup to mix with water; and they gradually became quite friendly, not only with Miss Seaton, but with each of the cats in turn.

"Are there any more?" Claire asked.

"No, only seven," said Miss Seaton. "I never have more and I never have fewer."

"Do you give them all names?" said Claire.

"Of course," said Miss Seaton. "That is partly why there are only seven. I name them after the days of the week."

"Oh," thought Claire again, "if only Betty were here!"

"The black one there, with the white front, is Sunday," Miss Seaton continued. "That all-black one is Monday—black Monday, you know. The tortoise-shell is Friday. The sandy one is Saturday."

"It was on Saturday," said Christopher, "that the best organ of all used to come, the one with a new tune every week."

"The blue Persian is Wednesday," said Miss Seaton, not taking any notice of his remark. "The white Persian is Tuesday, and the gray Iceland cat is Thursday. And now," she added, "you must go home, and I will think over your request and let you have the answer."

That evening, just after the children had finished their supper, a ring came at the door, followed, after it was opened, by scuffling feet and a mysterious thud. Then the front door banged, and Annie the maid came in to say that there was a heavy box in the hall, addressed to Master and Miss Morgan. The children tore out, and found a large case with, just as Annie had said, Christopher and Claire's name upon it. Christopher rushed off for a hammer and screw-driver, and in a few minutes the case was opened. Inside was a note and a very weighty square thing in brown paper. Christopher began to undo the paper, while Claire read the note aloud:

1 Westerham Gardens, W.

Dear Miss and Master Morgan:

I have been thinking about your request all the afternoon, as I promised I would, and have been compelled to decide against it in the interests, not only of the property, but of several of my old tenants, whose nerves cannot bear noise. But as I feel that your father, when he made inquiries about your new house, was not sufficiently informed as to the want of entertainment in the neighborhood, I wish to make it up in so far as I can to you all for your disappointment, and therefore beg your acceptance of a musical box which was a great pleasure to me when I was much younger, and may, I trust, do something to amuse you, although the tunes are, I fear, not of the newest.

Believe me yours sincerely,

VICTORIA SEATON.

"There, father," said Christopher, "you see, she wasn't really cross at all."

"No," said Mr. Morgan; "but, all the same, this must be the last of such escapades."

Then he opened the musical box, and they found from the piece of paper inside the lid, written in violet ink, in a thin,

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upright, rather curly foreign hand, that it had twelve tunes. Mr. Morgan wound it up, and they all stood round watching the great brass barrel, with the little spikes on it, slowly revolve, while the teeth of the comb were caught up one by one by the spikes to make the notes. There was also a little drum and a peal of silver bells. Although old, it was in excellent order, and very gentle and ripply in tone; and I wish I had been there, too, for it is a long time since I heard a musical box, every one now having gramophones with sore throats.

The first tune was "The Last Rose of Summer" and the second the beautiful prison song from "Il Trovatore." When it came to the seventh the children looked at each other and smiled.

"Why," said Betty, "that's the tune the nice man with the wooden leg on Tuesdays and Fridays always played."

And what do you think it was? It was "Home, Sweet Home."

THE GUILDS OF PLAY AND OF BRAVE POOR THINGS

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

"Young soldier, whither goest thou?"
"I go to fight . . . that the bowed heads may be lifted and the trembling knees made firm. I go to fight . . . to dry the tears of the little children."
"May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!"

READERS of The Outlook in the year 1900 may perhaps remember two articles published during that season concerning the Guild of Play and the Guild of Brave Poor Things, organized and directed by Sister Grace (Mrs. C. W. Kimmins), of the Bermondsey University Settlement, South London. These are but two of the many activities of the Settlement, but they are so unusual in conception and execution as to have excited great attention among people interested in educational and philanthropic work, and to have called forth many queries as to their success and probable duration in point of time. Recent letters from Sister Grace, with the annual report of the two guilds, answer these queries in so remarkable a way, and show so encouraging a growth, that it seems worth while to summarize them in a brief article, if only to show how many of such little candles nowadays are bravely shining in a naughty world.

The Guild of Brave Poor Things, whose patron saint is Martin of Tours, was organized on St. Martin's Day, 1894, taking its name, its motto, *Lætus Sorte Mea* (Happy in my lot), and largely its general inspiration from Mrs. Ewing's wonderful "Story of a Short Life." "The Guild is not to be looked upon," says its founder, "merely as a charity, nor is its only object the giving of relief; it is rather a military religious order. One of the greatest object-lessons it teaches is that the conditions of the life can make no difference in the judgment to be pronounced upon its individual history. To bear pain cheerfully, to take defeat nobly, to be constant and loyal, to be brave and happy with the odds dead against us, to be full of sympathy and tenderness—these are gifts which mark out the truly great."

Irrespective of age, creed, or any other limits, the Guild aims to gather together all maimed people, whether men, women, or children, to give them happy hours, to acquaint them with means of self-amusement and occupation, to inquire into and ameliorate their home conditions, to give them surgical aid if needed, and finally, in some fortunate cases, to teach individual members certain arts and crafts by which they may be made partially or wholly self-supporting.

It saddens one to learn that there are so many crippled persons, young and old, in England, as to fill the ranks of several large guilds in London alone and many in the provinces; but if we count up our own crippled schools, children's hospitals, orthopædic hospitals,

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blind babies' homes, hospitals for incurables, and the like, we shall find that, even under our vastly superior conditions, we have many unfortunates who are heavily weighted in the beginning for the race that is set before them. "In overcrowded London," as Sister Grace says, "heredity and environment claim their own heavy mortgage fees. In the stress of labor, in the keen fight for the very necessaries of life, the women and little children are called upon to bear heavy burdens. Too often the children are born maimed, often they become so through early neglect; and thus, at the start of life, they are terribly handicapped. There are hundreds of maimed people swarming in the waterside neighborhoods, and as life for all is but an uncertain struggle, for such as these it is almost despair."

The Parent Guild of Brave Poor Things meets regularly every Friday afternoon during term-time, from three to half-past six, in the large lecture-hall of the Bermondsey Settlement, and the order of procedure in regard to amusement, social intercourse, and elementary craft-work is the same here as in all the branches.

At three o'clock the Mothers' Guild is held, this being open to all women relatives of the Brave Poor Things and also to mothers of the Guild of Play children, the average attendance being about two hundred. The women are encouraged to bring their babies, who are quickly made happy with the toys kept on hand for their amusement, and thus the mothers have leisure enough to enjoy the music always provided for them, a brief address touching upon some form of the work, and finally an opportunity to confer with the regular and volunteer helpers upon the particular problems of their own lives.

At four o'clock the mothers take their leave and the Brave Poor Things enter into possession of the rooms. Tea is served at once, for which each member proudly pays a half-penny, that no one may think he comes to the Guild for "what he can get." There are music and singing afterwards, there are painting and basket-work for the deaf and dumb, sewing and netting for those who care for them, quiet games and fairy tales for the younger children, and newspapers, books, and conversation for the older members. The Lord Bishop of London is President of the Guild, and takes so lively an interest in every detail of the work that he is able to make many new friends for it each year, among the most valuable of whom are the ladies and gentlemen who come down to the Settlement week by week to talk to the older members on the topics of the day—on factory legislation, perhaps, on the bed of the ocean, microbes, or whatever may be their own special interest at the moment.

At the close of the afternoon the members gather in the great Settlement Hall and listen to the Warden, the Bishop's chaplain, or some other kindly clergyman who has made time to come in and conduct the short closing service. Each week one of the special Guild hymns is sung; either "Fight the good fight with all thy might," or the "Tug-of-War" hymn, so called by Mrs. Ewing's little hero because at the military chapel which he often attended the soldiers sang the verse beginning "A noble army, men and boys," with such tremendous impetus and vigor that after a brief contest they invariably pulled away from the organ and the whole choir.

If the Guild of Brave Poor Things, with its many branches in England, had done nothing more than provide these weekly afternoons of pure pleasure as well as education for the maimed and crippled, these opportunities for advice and assistance from those more blessed than they in health and strength and worldly goods, it would have done a noble thing and one well worth doing. But it has done and is doing immeasurably more than this in giving country holidays to crippled children, in lengthening the lives of the aged and infirm in their own homes, in workhouses and hospitals, and best of all, perhaps, in establishing The Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, in Sussex.

It costs one hundred and fifty dollars per annum to keep a crippled child at the Heritage Schools, and the course of training is three years. A caretaker, who is a naval reservist, drills the boys in such outdoor exercises as they are

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able to take, and he and his wife have general charge of the two houses, while the matron is a trained nurse, carefully selected for her fitness for the position. The head master of the Boys' School is a clever craftsman and a gifted teacher, and in spite of the fact that his pupils are all maimed or crippled and spend perforce many days in bed during the year, he is able to accomplish remarkable things in their training. Within six months of its foundation the school was fully approved and certified by the London Board of Education, and the work of the boys at Chailey has been pronounced by this authority to be equal to, if not better than, the work of non-afflicted boys of the same age in town. A year ago a fully equipped workshop in the neighboring village was presented to the Heritage Schools as a memorial to a beloved little cripple; and this—the Harcourt-Rose Factory—is proving itself a boon to those boys who, having passed through the school, are not considered physically fit to compete with ordinary workmen in ordinary London workshops.

Mr. Percy A. Wells, Director of Practical Work in the London Technical Schools, the Shoreditch Technical Institute, and the Regent Street School of Arts and Crafts, is also Examiner to the School of Arts and Crafts for Cripples at Chailey, and gives the following report of the work:

In the school proper there are thirty boys, sixteen having been entered since last September. The majority of these newcomers are much below the average conditions, knowing little or nothing of ordinary school subjects; but in such surroundings, and mixing with boys who have been a year in the school, they soon realize something of the value of learning. Some of these boys already show promise of real progress.

In a higher section are boys who have had a year's training. These lads stood the test of an examination in writing, drawing, and arithmetic, and verbal questions on their practical work, with extremely satisfactory results, many of them obtaining ninety per cent of marks. The attainments of these boys alone are a positive proof of the suitability, thoroughness, and practical character of the training received. . . .

But the care of the cripple at Chailey does not stop at the end of the boy's training. There is a "trade workshop" into which the lads are drafted when they have reached the satisfactory stage in their school course. Once in this workshop they become real craftsmen. They lodge in the village, come to work at half-past eight, and leave at half-past five, with an interval of an hour and a half for dinner and rest. There are also "resting times" at a quarter past ten and four o'clock.

The average weekly earnings of six of these boys for three months were 11s. 6½d. Time sheets are kept, and the workshop, which is run on business lines, shows a small profit over all expenses.

Wooden toys, nursery and garden furniture, carpentry and cabinet work are the principal products of this little but remarkable factory. Here is a boy with only one arm who can make a toy or a cupboard and earn an average of 10s. 8d. a week, another who has lost the use of his legs but earns 10s. 4d., one more with a wooden leg and one eye taking an average of 11s. 3½d., while a very intelligent lad with spinal deformity earns over 14s. . . .

Other boys have gone out into ordinary workshops. Two are at a local builder's, earning good wages and supporting themselves entirely. Two are well placed out in good firms in the North of England, and another is in London at a West End workshop.

I have watched the boys mentioned for the past two years, and can testify to their progress from ignorance and helplessness to intelligence and self-reliance. So far the school at Chailey has splendidly justified its existence, and has shown what can be done for the cripple, not only by training his intelligence as well as his hands, but in giving him hope of—at least—a decent and independent future.

The Llangattock School of Arts and Crafts for Crippled Girls, so called because of Lord Llangattock's munificent gift to the institution, was opened on April 18, 1906, and has not yet had time to make a very brilliant record. Still the inspectors and all interested believe that it has already more than justified its existence, and with its new building, now in process of erection, will be a successful rival of its brother school.

Excellent work in cooking, sewing, embroidery, and other useful subjects is done, while accessories to nursery furniture, as cot-covers, curtains, play and bath rugs, screens, cushions, bags, children's clothing, etc., are executed to order. In the new building lessons will be given in laundry and general housework to complete the course of training.

Old English toy-making and quaint

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nursery furniture form, as has been said, the chief industry of the boys for the present, and fascinating catalogues of the various articles are issued. There are children's wardrobes, tables, chairs, cots, settles, screens, desks, cupboards, coal and toy boxes, cradles, mirror-frames, book-shelves, stools, and trays on the list; and some of these are carved, some have pictures let in, and all may be ordered in whitewood, or stained brown or green, according to taste.

Among the toys are rocking-horses, weathercocks, dolls' chairs, tables and bedsteads, carts, wheelbarrows, windmills and ladders, hobby-horses, model villages, model beasts, and model people—a collection of infant delights that make the reader long for a set for himself and a roomy nursery to use them.

Then there are special sets of seaside and garden toys, the seaside set containing a doll's bathing-machine, with doll in bathing costume and bathing towel!—a plaything which surely no self-respecting little girl could afford to be without.

One of the patrons of the children gave the Harcourt-Rose factory a great impetus when it was first opened by kindly ordering a monster doll-house, for which plans were sent in, properly drawn out to scale, in true business style, and from which a selection was made in the form of an old Sussex mansion.

The boys took the keenest delight in this piece of work, and the house, when finished, was really wonderful. The large hall, with its grand oak staircase, and the doors which really and truly opened, the furniture which was as much like that of a real house as possible—all were freely commented on in the press, and attracted great attention.

The credit of designing the toys, the nursery furniture, and much of the fancy needlework at the Heritage Schools is due to Miss Alice Rennie, the Honorary Treasurer, who gives a great deal of time to visiting old museums and exhibitions, both in England and abroad, and to original work in the matter of design. Orders follow each other with surprising swiftness, and the beauty as well as the strength and good workmanship of the toys and furniture sent out from Chailey is always commented upon by purchasers.

Truly these are wonderful things to grow from the little Guild of Brave Poor Things, and yet the tale is not ended!

When the building given by Lord Llangattock to the School of Arts and Crafts for Crippled Girls is finished, it is hoped to convert the old house now in use into something greatly needed in London hospital work—a School of Recovery for Younger Children. Dr. James Kerr, the Medical Officer of the London County Council, urges such an extension of the work, pointing out that, in the earlier stages of a child's illness, weeks in a hospital are often necessary, followed by long attendance as an out-patient, the sufferers remaining, in spite of all this treatment, weak, ill, and unfit to learn for the greater part of their youth.

Transference to clean country air and the routine of a well-ordered life at these early stages would often greatly shorten the illness and lessen the permanent damage to hundreds of children in London alone, and Dr. Kerr suggests that this School of Recovery should take such children and keep them six, twelve, or eighteen months, as may be necessary, and, in the case of those to whom it may be useful, pass them on for technical training in the Arts and Crafts Schools.

All that is needed for this Hospital School of Recovery is money for its support, since the building is already secured; and Sister Grace pleads to those who have straight-limbed children of their own to guarantee the working expenses of such an institution within the present year. An ounce of prevention being so proverbially worth a pound of cure, the charity will no doubt appeal to many and will be in time provided, since the management of all the institutions connected with the Guild of Brave Poor Things has been so successful and so beneficent.

The Guild of Play, although particularly well organized and successful in the Bermondsey Settlement, is not the only one of its kind either in England or America, for most of our settlements have their play clubs and circles, which

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aim to give weekly hours of pure delight, amid peaceful surroundings, to the children of the street. It is unique, however, in its relation to the Guild of Brave Poor Things and the fostering care which its small members extend to their crippled friends.

Bermondsey, the vast riverside port of London, was a fair-ground in the Middle Ages, and there are glittering tales in the old chronicles of the royal processions, the sumptuous funerals, and the throngs of knights and barons on their way to Parliament which have passed along its highways. The singing of the wondrous choir in the famous Abbey Church was known all over England. But, alas! these things have passed away.

Where once were green fields and blossoming orchards are now gray, narrow, monotonous streets, while the only processions are those of the crippled Guild soldiers marching to the Settlement, and the only singing the sweet pipe of the children in the meetings of the Guild of Play.

Founded about the same time as the Guild of Brave Poor Things, it was fortunate in securing the large school building adjoining the Settlement at a nominal cost; and there, on various nights in the week, hundreds of children flock to sing and play and hear stories.

The members are taught to enter and leave the room with courtesy and gentle greeting, and the happy orderliness of the proceedings is most striking. During the telling of the fairy tale—a feature never omitted—the silence may be felt, and little discipline is ever necessary, the order maintaining itself, so to speak.

Sister Grace and her assistants have for years been devoting themselves to research work in connection with old games and dances and songs, and the Guild of Play children have become famous for the way in which they interpret them. They give many public concerts and festivals each year, whose proceeds are commonly devoted to the work of the Poor Things Guild, thus averting, in the unselfishness of their motive, any tendency to vanity or self-glorification which they might be led to feel in their success.

On St. Nicholas Day, December 6, which is their special feast day, the Guild generally gives a Caroling and Yule-tide Festival in the Bermondsey Town Hall, the profits assuring their crippled protégés, who are often much older than themselves, of a substantial Christmas dinner.

The work of the two Guilds is so sweetly and tenderly interwoven that it is difficult to separate them in mind. No higher reward can be given to a Guild of Play child than to be allowed to sing and recite to the Poor Things; and the choir for the closing service at the Guild meetings on Friday evenings is always composed of a small number of the Play Club children, who greatly look forward to obtaining this coveted privilege. Rarely does a Friday pass without some Guild of Play child introducing a new cripple to his appointed Society, or a mother to the Mothers' Club.

The little people have now become quite famous for their annual May Day Festival with May pole dances held in the Town Hall; and as many of them have a keen dramatic sense, they often enact with great success scenes from Shakespeare and home-made dramatizations of well-known fairy tales, legends, and sagas.

They not only enjoy doing all these things for the pleasure of the play, but they constantly have an eye to their maimed and crippled charges, rejoicing when they can earn enough to give something to the Heritage Craft Schools, or to send for a week in the country some one especially afflicted. They are now slowly accumulating funds for the purchase of a holiday home at the seaside which shall belong equally to both Guilds, and which will be a consecrated building indeed, when we think that every stone of it will have been raised by the efforts of children, themselves lacking in all but the barest necessaries of life.

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LETTERS FROM AN INDIAN BUNGALOW

BY AGATHA DANE

THE SECOND LETTER

YOU must not think from my last letter that the pie dogs and jackals are my only neighbors. I live in one of the old and important military stations. Until a year ago it was "Meeammeer"—called after an old saint to whose tomb on the road into Lahore the pious Mohammedans still make pilgrimages in crowds. But Meeammeer was not only an unpopular name in itself, but various unsavory adjectives were tacked on to it, and soldiers had strong objections to being ordered to a place known as "The Subaltern's Grave" and "The White Children's Burial Ground." So, on the principal of giving a dog a bad name, or rather the reverse, General Walter Kitchener had it changed to that of "Lahore Cantonment." He also changed the name of the Royal Artillery Graveyard to the "East Cemetery," while the big one is now called "West" Cemetery. He said the spirits of the gunners were depressed by having one named for them. But I doubt if many soldiers ever knew where their so-called graveyard was. I stumbled on it one day as I rode exploring a long straight road bordered with willows. It is a quiet, dreamy spot behind a low wall where crumbling monuments under great trees are overgrown with violets and jasmine, and suggests a view on the Roman Campagna.

To General Walter Kitchener also belongs the credit of making Meeammeer—beg pardon! I mean Lahore Cantonment—a fit place to live in by applying up-to-date ideas of sanitation. This was done chiefly by stopping irrigation, and all the once lovely gardens have disappeared and most of the trees have died. The Cantonment was planned and built years ago on a magnificent scale, but now looks hot, dusty, and forlorn, especially in contrast to the shady, park-like streets of Lahore. Close by our bungalow is the little "R. A. Bazaar;" at the other end, two and a half miles away, towards the railway station, is the business end of the town, in which are the big bazaar and native shops. For us there are no English shops nearer than Lahore—not even a chemist's.

In the middle stands the beautiful big church, built of white marble, and a landmark for miles around. The new chaplain who wrote from a London mission saying he would like to engage lodgings in some house near the church must have been surprised to find that the nearest house was half a mile away, and that no one took "lodgers"—but this is an incidental. Every bungalow stands in a more or less desert-like compound of its own. They are numbered, and people are sorted out in them where they belong—the gunners in one corner, the Staff in a central region, the infantry at the other end, the doctors and nursing sisters in bungalows near the hospital, and the native regiments in between. The long white roads are as wide as the boulevards of one of our American cities, and lined with a double row of great trees—many of them dead—and at one side is a bridle-path, now no longer used, and a raised sidewalk, also fallen into neglect. Great avenues of trees lead into space towards bungalow lots that were never built on, and what is called a cricket ground on the maps painted up at the street corners is a brown sandy field with a collection of native huts in one corner. All around from where the houses and barracks stop abruptly lies the Maidan, the great Punjab prairie, stretching out flat and barren and sand-baked in every direction, looking like a great rolling sea till it melts into the circle of the sky.

My bungalow is level with the ground,

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except for the veranda step, as are all the others. Only the Royal Artillery mess, almost opposite, has a high flight of wide steps up to the door. It is a square, sad-looking old building with old-fashioned Venetian blinds painted light green. There, the night before the Mutiny, they gave a dance; all apparently careless and merry, but every one knowing all the time that the next day the trouble was to break. Strange to think of now, when the bursting of another storm is portended, the beginning of some great change, dark and fateful, rumored all about us.

But to go back to my bungalow. The walls are of mud covered with stucco, of the sort that is very easy to drive a nail into and equally easy to pull it out of again, although when you do so a great lump of plaster comes out with it, leaving an unsightly hole. I spent this morning putting up all my pictures, and am covered with whitewash from head to foot. Also, one-third of my mantelpiece has come off because I stood on it to hang some old swords and drapery over the fireplace. For here in the Punjab we have fireplaces in every room, though they are unheard of in other parts of India. They are made of the same stucco as the walls, and burn logs of wood not more than six inches long, and we are only too glad of them these nippy winter evenings.

The ceilings are from fourteen to twenty feet high, made of rafters painted dark reddish brown. At night they remind me of ceilings one sees in the old châteaux in the Touraine district, but by day they look like the top of a cow-shed. All our windows are doors—which sounds Irish—and have straw portières called *chicks* hung in front of them to keep out the glare, dust, and flies. They are double doors opening inwards, and kept in place when opened by wooden bolts on the sill; and one of the many little daily annoyances of Indian life is having to stoop to push aside these bolts every time you want to close a door, and also having your skirt catch on them at least twenty times a day. We have matting down all over the stone floors, and over that cotton rugs, or durries, which are usually made in hideous combinations of colors, alternate bright red and blue stripes being a favorite pattern of the man from whom you hire them with the rest of your furniture.

The furniture itself does not look so bad when concealed more or less by loose covers made of some pretty chintz or cretonne. Almost every one in India except the rich commissioners follows the fashion of hiring furniture, since one has to move about so often. You pay, by the month, about six or eight cents for each article, be it a dining-room table or a tooth-brush stand. You have to hire a good many wardrobes, or almirahs, for there are no closets or attics or convenient spare rooms in which to keep your clothes. And every almirah has to be kept carefully locked, since otherwise things have a way of disappearing with a speed little short of marvelous. The big bunch of keys which is always losing itself is another constant worry, and I envy a neighbor of mine who rejoices in the possession of a set of locks with a master key. I shall have to get one some day when I feel richer than at present.

You step directly into the large drawing-room from the veranda, and back of that is the dining-room. On each side are two or three bed and dressing rooms. Each room has its own bath-room behind. This sounds most luxurious—but if you could see these same bath-rooms! One side, behind a little wall, is cemented and slopes down to an opening where the water drains off into a stone-lined hole in the ground outside. The bath is simply a round zinc tub, also hired of the furniture man. It is the business of the water-carrier or beastie, as he is called, to keep your washstand things clean, also to bring in hot water whenever you want a bath, for a *cold* bath is supposed to be unhealthy in India. The sweeper takes care of the room itself, and the door leading outside always has to be kept unlocked. The little hole for the water is usually protected with wire netting to keep out any snakes which might crawl in when the weather is cold outdoors. Fortunately, by the way, I have never seen a snake here, nor are there any tigers or palm trees or any of the other usually imagined

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indispensable Indian accessories floating about on the landscape.

Back of the dining-room is another veranda, and on each side a small room, one of which is the pantry and china closet combined; the other, the most important room of all in any Indian house, the "godown." Here are kept all the stores, the oil-tins, the lamps, cleaning materials, and firewood; and, whatever else the mistress of the house does or leaves undone, she never fails to keep this room well locked up, except for an hour when she makes her daily visitation. The kitchen is in a little house by itself out in the compound behind. Nothing seems more wonderful in Indian domestic economy than the way meals are served so perfectly hot after being carried such a distance, but it is managed by means of the *hot* box which lives in the pantry and is a sort of small refrigerator but with a little native stove instead of ice inside. The stable and servants' houses are all arranged around as far off from the bungalow as the size of one's compound will allow—a long line of little one-story mud huts where they and their wives and children and near and distant so-called relations of all sorts sleep and cook and eat, so that every Sahib finds himself living in a small village of his own dependents.

Next week I will tell you about the servants who live in these huts, but now I must take this to the post. If I don't mail it myself, you will probably never get it, or anyway have to pay double—for the two-anna six-pie stamps are too attractive to the servants to be resisted, and they think nothing of taking them off and trusting the letter to take care of itself. A few years ago it used to be the custom to write "stamped" across the stamp to prevent its being used again, but now that is forbidden by the post-office. I don't know why this was done unless it was because the clerks want to take the stamps themselves, or can sell twice as many if half are stolen.

Letters to The Outlook

FIRE PREVENTION

Your comments on the recent Boston fire are very timely and sensible, but they do not go far enough in the direction of putting the statistics on the subject of American fire losses in a form which will appeal to that large portion of the public which does not readily grasp the significance of figures. As you say, the average fire loss in the United States is about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The average annual fire loss in France, Germany, Italy, and the other civilized countries on the continent of Europe is, proportionately to the value of the property exposed to loss, about one-tenth of what it is in the United States. In other words, if our methods of constructing and caring for buildings were the same as those in use in France and Germany, we, the people of the United States, would be in pocket about two hundred and twenty-five million dollars every year. What should we do with this very substantial sum? For one thing, we might spend it on battle-ships, and it would give us every twelve months a new navy, the most powerful in the world, without any Congressional appropriation. If devoted to the arts of peace, it would, in one year, complete the whole system of water storage and irrigation contemplated for the development of our Western country, and would pay, each year afterwards, for another public improvement of equal importance; or, to use a less ambitious illustration, what we could save if we were as careful of our combustible property as the French and Germans are would keep all the men, women, and children in the United States perpetually supplied with boots, shoes, and stockings free of cost. Practically the saving would be much greater than this, for the American community not only pays for two hundred and fifty million dollars of fire loss every year, but spends probably a hundred million dollars more in maintaining an army of insurance agents, clerks, adjusters, inspectors, and so on, who exist solely for the purpose of making people who had nothing to do with the fire contribute toward paying for it; besides another army of firemen and engineers to prevent the losses from being still greater.

What is there to prevent us from securing

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these advantages? Nothing. There is no country in the world where the art of fireproof building is so well understood as it is in the United States. Not a single warehouse at the new Hamburg docks, much less at the London docks, would be considered here even tolerably safe for such purposes; and the most modern department stores in Paris fall far short of compliance with New York or Boston building laws; yet the *average* French or German construction is so much safer than ours that conflagrations involving many buildings, which are the chief source of loss by fire, are made impossible. Yet the difference between a house in Paris or Berlin and one in New York or Boston is not so radical as might be supposed. Leaving out of account the closely built masses of wooden houses and tenements, the toleration of which in some of our great cities, especially in Boston, is a disgrace to American civilization, the average French or German city house has, like ours, brick or stone walls; but the first floor over the cellar is made with arches of brick or concrete or tiles, so that fire from the furnace or the coal-bin or the wood-pile cannot burn through it. Even in country houses this fireproof first floor is customary, and is probably the most important element in the protection of the building.

Above the first story wood is generally used for floor-beams and rafters, but the floor-beams are protected by an incombustible filling. In Italy, and sometimes in France, brick arches are turned between the wooden beams, but in Paris the practice is to hook small iron rods over the beams, bending them so that they hang down between the beams. Then more rods, three or four inches apart, are laid longitudinally on the depressed portion of the cross-rods, and a sort of rough concrete, made with plaster of Paris and old mortar rubbish, is put in, boards being first set up against the under side of the beams to prevent the mixture from running through while soft. The mass of concrete is only two or three inches thick in the middle of the space, but it is brought up in a curve on the sides of the beams. Thus cased in mortar, the wooden beams cannot burn, nor can fire get through the plaster filling, held by the iron rods; and it is actually the case that the occupants of the upper stories of a house watch from their windows the operations of the *sapeurs-pompiers* putting out a fire in the story below, without a thought of danger.

For partitions, brick or plaster block walls are much more used than with us, although partitions of wooden studs covered with laths are not unknown. But the "furring" of the interior of brick or stone walls with wooden strips, covered with laths so as to leave an air space between the laths and the masonry, is very unusual, the plastering being ordinarily applied directly to the masonry. Hot-air pipes from the furnace or *calorifère*, with which nearly every French house is supplied, are made with fire-clay pipes, corrugated so that the plastering will stick to them, and carried up in the walls. The roof, although framed with unprotected timbers, as a rule, is covered with tiles, which will neither burn, nor crack and fly off, as slates will if a burning cinder falls on them, leaving the tarred paper and boarding under them exposed.

Although a house built in the Continental fashion would cost more than one of American construction, the difference is not very great. And we have various materials in use here, such as metal lath, metal studding, fireproof blocks of several kinds, and so on, which are so cheap and efficient, if we will only use them, that American cities could easily be made as incombustible as Paris or Berlin or Vienna, not only at small additional outlay in the beginning, but with great advantage in the end; for masonry walls, filled floors, and tiled roofs are good for five hundred years, where our ordinary construction begins to need repairs in twenty.

Still, something more than the consideration of future advantage is necessary to induce speculating builders to use sound methods of construction. Building laws do something, but they can never go far beyond current practice, even if current practice is bad; and they are constantly evaded. The best inducement for proper building, and one which is self-enforcing, is the neighborhood liability, which prevails everywhere on the Continent. Under this principle, a man who is so careless as to allow fire to extend beyond his own premises is liable for the damage which may thus be caused to his neighbors. So obvious is it that people who are conscientious about their lamps and matches should not be compelled to bear losses caused by the carelessness of their neighbors, that this is a part of the general common law of Europe. In Great Britain only has the common law in this respect been set aside by an express statute relieving owners and tenants of houses from neighborhood liability in case of fire; and Canada and the United States have adopted the British Act of Parliament into their common law, with disastrous results. In Continental insurance policies the "neighborhood liability" is insured against under the same contract which covers the policy-holder's own property; but the fact that such liability

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exists furnishes a steady, though silent, pressure in the direction of care in the construction and use of buildings.

This is not a new suggestion. The ablest insurance men in this country have often spoken of neighborhood liability as the most effective of all devices for reducing the fire loss; but such suggestions from insurance men are always viewed by the public with suspicion, as concealing some scheme for increasing their own business; and it must be remembered that, except in the case of the factory mutual companies, it is not for the interest of insurance men, except so far as their duty as good citizens may lead them, to exert themselves to reduce the fire losses by the distribution of which they earn their living. T. M. CLARK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT

In "The Romance of Expansion" I was much interested in the settlement of the question of the Northwestern Boundary, particularly so because I have a bit of unwritten history in connection with it. About the year 1840 a young man by the name of Enoch W. Eastman, fully equipped for the practice of law, came from Vermont to Burlington, Iowa, and put out his shingle. Until the beginning of the Civil War he was an old-line Democrat. He soon rose to prominence in politics. When Iowa applied for admission as a State, he was one of the commission sent to Washington with that business, and was himself instrumental in fixing the boundaries as they now stand. He was Lieutenant-Governor during the war, and after that was always called "Governor Eastman." After the war he again took up the practice of law in Eldora, where he spent the remainder of his life. During the Prohibition campaign in Iowa he was an active advocate of the amendment. I was living at the time in Whitten. He came there to speak, and I had the honor of entertaining him. In conversation he was telling me some things about the early history of Iowa. Something he said reminded me of it, and I asked him if he remembered the old Democratic watchword, "Fifty-four forty or fight." He raised his right hand, and with great force brought it down upon his knee, saying, "That was first written on that knee." He was a delegate to a Democratic county convention. The convention was held in the open air. The committee on resolutions, not being accustomed to that sort of work, asked him to help them. He took a piece of wrapping-paper, spread it on his knee, and, after writing some resolutions about local politics, added: "In the matter of the Northwestern Boundary we are for Fifty-four forty or fight." The State Convention met a few days later and adopted the same resolution. It was then taken up by the Democratic press and speakers and spread like wildfire.

The public did not know and could not guess who was the author. In the guesses many prominent Democrats were named, but most of them centered on Lewis Cass, of Michigan. C. G. P.

Blair, Nebraska.

ITALIANS AS FARMERS AND FRUIT-GROWERS

Most of us know that the cost of living is constantly increasing owing to the ever-soaring price of foodstuffs. But, engrossed as most men are in pressing affairs of the time, few stop to consider whether there be a remedy for this evil or not. I firmly believe that there is a cure, and that it lies at our very door ready to be used. Near every large city is a great amount of land either uncultivated or farmed in such a slovenly fashion that it does not yield one-tenth of what it might. Were these waste spaces converted into five or ten acre plots and then intensively farmed, there would be a food supply in abundance to meet the ever-increasing demand, and at far below the present cost.

The next question is, Where shall we look for labor adapted to this purpose? Americans are not enthusiastic agriculturists, as a rule, and great enthusiasm is required for intensive farming, as well as unflagging patience and industry. Added to these qualifications should be initiative and a keen power of observation. Any individual or group interested in this question would do well to study the Italian contadino as a truck farmer and fruit-grower. Mr. Severn, New York representative of the Italian Swiss Agriculture Colony of California, told me that next to Chinese labor they have found nothing to equal Italians as fruit-growers. A valuable guide for such investigations can be found in chapter seven of "The Italian in America," where Mr. Eliot Lord describes a number of Italian fruit and truck garden colonies scattered through New England, as well as through the South and West. In this chapter Mr. Lord points out that wherever the Italian colonizes, land values in that vicinity are very materially increased.

In a letter recently received from Mr. J. H. Hale, South Glastonbury, Connecticut, one of the largest fruit-growers in New England, he says: "If you will run up to Hartford and take a trolley out to the farm, I can

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show you results of the Italians' work, both as laborers for others and clearing up and developing farms for themselves, that will astonish and please you. They are delightful people, and the best handlers of the soil for horticultural purposes, and are getting more out of it than any other class of foreigners that are coming to our shores." After receiving this letter I visited South Glastonbury, where about seventy Italian farmers have taken up land in this district of abandoned farms. The first pioneer of this interesting colony was John Carini, who came to South Glastonbury sixteen years ago to cut railroad ties for the New Haven and Hartford Company. At the end of two years he had saved enough to purchase a farm and send for his family. The whole family worked until the place yielded enough income to enable him to buy more land, and now, fourteen years from the date of the first purchase, Mr. Carini owns fifteen hundred acres, nearly all under the highest limit of cultivation. There are peach orchards and apples, plums, and pears. Grapes are grown in quantity, also a variety of small fruits and vegetables.

Some twelve years ago Mr. Hale, whose letter I have quoted above, decided to employ an Italian, one Luigi Piro, on his place. The neighbors shuddered and prophesied a tragic end for the entire Hale family. To-day this same Luigi Piro is partner with Mr. Hale in one of the most remarkable orchards ever grown in America. The suggestion came from Piro, and he has worked it out so successfully that Mr. Hale says that in less than ten years four hundred acres which had always been too difficult to cultivate on account of rocks and stumps will be worth $250 per acre.

The natives around South Glastonbury speak well of the Italians as neighbors, although in the beginning they had to make their way against a wall of Yankee prejudice. Their credit is pronounced A1. They are sober and industrious, drinking only the wine pressed from grapes grown on their places, than which nothing could be more wholesome. When they buy a farm, they never rest until the mortgage is canceled, and then cultivate it up to the last inch of its capacity. Their methods are often primitive and laborious, but they take readily to improved machinery. They are very ambitious to give their children educational advantages, and will sacrifice much to this end.

In a letter recently received from Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, he says: "I am interested in the subject of the distribution of Italian immigrants. I have felt for some time that some of the immigration could very well be deflected to the land. I have a very kind feeling toward the Italian immigrant." So has every one who has close dealings with the Italians and follows a few simple rules which are potent and must be used to obtain good results. In the first place, be sure to select a thoroughly reliable agency.

Having chosen a good agency, be sure that your men come from the same province in Italy. This is vital to success. Italians are wonderfully loyal to men from their own province or town, but have nothing in common with those hailing from another province. If you find one good man, he will choose as many of his townspeople as are required. If you wish an agriculturist, get a contadino, a farmer. He may have drifted to the city, but his place is on the land and you will find him taking to it like a duck to water.

The Italians are gregarious. They prefer to live in little villages or hamlets, as they do in Italy, and cultivate outlying plots. The lonely farm-house has no attraction for them. To begin with, their houses need only be of the most simple construction. They will be sure to improve them as time goes on. Their forte is intensive farming, so that small farms near a good market are to the benefit of all concerned.

The question very naturally arises, "If the Italian has such an enthusiastic love for farming, why does he stay in the city with all the drawbacks of a crowded tenement?" The reason is that he usually arrives with little more than five or ten dollars with which to start life in this new country. He takes the first job that offers, and, ignorant of the country and the language, falls an easy prey to some padrone, who, under the guise of securing work for him, fleeces him.

Any company desiring to increase the value of land so situated that the product could be marketed would do well to sell alternate parcels of five or ten acres to Italian immigrants at a reasonable figure, providing them with work for the company, either on the land reserved by the company or in some other way, until the Italian has earned enough to pay for his own land and enough to tide him over until he is getting returns from the same. Such a company has been successful near Wilmington, North Carolina, where an agriculture expert is employed to teach improved methods in farming. Such a plan would be sure to result in profit to the promoters and also relieve the congestion of the cities.

ALICE BENNETT.

New York City.

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HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper to go to suburb of Cincinnati. One child. Servant kept. Box 195, Southold, New York.

WANTED—October 1st, young German woman as mother's helper for 2 children, 8 and 11, near Philadelphia. German, music, and sewing required. 9,864, Outlook.

WANTED—In October, a cultured, refined, experienced woman as managing housekeeper and companion in family of two adults, on Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address Miss E. C. Griffen, 61 Wall St., Kingston, N. Y.

FAMILIES, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 46 Olive St., Providence, R. I.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, at Charlottesville, Va., a young lady as nursery governess and companion for two children, girl of twelve and boy of six, Protestant, musical. References exchanged. 9,905, Outlook.

WANTED—Resident tutor for two boys, 16, 18 years. Liberal salary. The HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 1 Union Square. Supplies governesses, housekeepers, matrons, companions, attendants, etc.

NURSERY governess, one with experience, for two children, four and six years. Prefer a German. Address Mrs. R. H. Robinson, Profile House, N. H.

WANTED—On October first at Morristown, N. J., a tutor (college graduate preferred) for two or three boys, to prepare them for entering St. Mark's and St. Paul's Schools in September, 1909. In replying, please give full information as to former work and pupils, with references. Address "Morristown," 9,835, Outlook.

TEACHERS WANTED. We still have several good openings for teachers for 1908-09. Write immediately for particulars. New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—First-class primary teachers; also teachers of music and drawing, and teachers of training classes; other desirable positions. Send for Bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Nursery governess for boy of four. Well educated, refined, not under twenty-five. Would prefer kindergarten training, and one who speaks German. 9,714, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

DOMESTIC Science graduate, dietitian, lunchroom manager, teacher. Box 249, Hamburg, New York.

WANTED—Resident or daily position; secretary, clerk, or office assistant in school, hotel, business office, or institution. Experienced. Use typewriter. Take charge of correspondence. Address 9,878, Outlook.

AUTHOR'S assistant,—Lady with experience desires employment to collect or verify data from English or French authorities. Will also prepare MSS. or read proof. Address 9,879, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED young American woman, position as companion or attendant to elderly lady. Would travel. References exchanged. Woronoco, Mass., Box 95.

WANTED—Position by a thoroughly capable woman as companion or caretaker. References exchanged. Address 9,903, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S daughter, young, refined, well educated, musical, desires position as lady's secretary or companion. Address 9,918, Outlook.

A woman, educated and refined, desires position as companion or managing housekeeper. References exchanged. B., 123 W. 82d, N. Y.

COMPETENT woman, many years' experience taking entire charge of households, speaking German and English, best references, desires position. 9,915, Outlook.

CAPABLE middle-aged woman of refinement, well educated and of cheerful disposition, as companion to invalid or elderly person. Highest references. 9,914, Outlook.

YOUNG woman wishes position as governess or mother's helper. 9,888, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED immediately. Refined, educated woman, position as companion to invalid, mother's helper, or governess. Moderate terms. Highest references. 9,908, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of education and refinement desires position as companion or governess. Reading, English, German, Latin, piano. Would travel. References. Box 228, Cairo, New York.

REFINED, educated young lady desires position housekeeper, companion, or private secretary. References. Box 74, Greenwich, Conn.

EXPERIENCED Canadian lady as housekeeper (visiting or resident) companion. References. 9,906, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, executive ability and references, wishes position. 9,900, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wishes position as companion; willing to travel. 9,880, Outlook.

WANTED—By refined young woman, position as companion or private secretary. Miss Telfair, 167 Berkeley Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

POSITION as matron in school or institution: am graduate nurse of twelve years' experience. Best of references. Address 9,866, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman wishes position (October 1). Housekeeper in widower's family or companion to elderly lady, where there are servants. 9,875, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, educated, experienced, desires position as housekeeper in small family or housemother in boarding-school. Or would chaperon young ladies abroad for study. References exchanged. 9,886, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman as mother's assistant. 9,867, Outlook.

POSITION wanted as companion-secretary, preferably to elderly lady, semi-invalid. Read aloud well. Would like to go abroad. 9,858, Outlook.

POSITION as helpful companion for elderly lady. 9,863, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion and private secretary. References. 9,868, Outlook.

CAPABLE woman seeks position as companion or mother's helper. 9,861, Outlook.

MARYLAND gentlewoman, wide experience, would oversee fraternity house, act as house mother, or travel. Highest references. Mrs. T. Davidson, Queenstown, Maryland.

ENGLISH lady, educated, trained nurse, wishes position companion or governess to family going South. Miss Smyth, 60 Benlamond Avenue, East Toronto, Canada.

SITUATION wanted as housekeeper and companion. 9,876, Outlook.

WANTED, by a capable young woman, competent nurse, position with an invalid, or as companion. Refined, well educated. No objection to traveling. 9,872, Outlook.

SECRETARY-companion to elderly lady, or assistant housekeeper in an institution by needy maiden lady. Comfortable home and small remuneration desired. References. Miss Hattie M. Potter, 450 Carroll St., Elmira, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT by American woman, able to speak some Spanish, French, German, read aloud, tell stories, keep house. 9,760, Outlook.

BUREAU OF SOCIAL REQUIREMENTS. "THE LUDLOW," BOSTON, MASS. Governesses, managing housekeepers, companions, matrons, mother's helpers, and private secretaries provided. Recommends teachers, housekeepers, companions, and secretaries to schools and families.

TRAINED nurse, is also a masseuse, desires position. Would travel. 9,831, Outlook.

POSITION desired as attendant to invalid or blind lady. Good reader. City or country. 9,829, Outlook.

REFINED, capable woman desires position in private home, hotel, or institution. Good housekeeper and buyer. A1 stenographer and correspondent. Highest references. Would travel. 9,921, Outlook.

FIRST-class English lady's maid desires position. Good traveler. Highest references. Address 9,922, Outlook.

ENGLISH lady of experience wishes position as managing housekeeper or companion-attendant. Personal references. 9,924, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

A lady of large experience would give, for a nominal sum, her services as mother's helper and companion. Can do anything. 9,920, Outlook.

CULTURED woman desires position, chaperon, companion; French, German, Italian, musical; traveled. Best references. Box 200, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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THE SUMMER TUTORING SCHOOL, furnishes expert tutoring at your summer home, wherever that may be. Address A. von W. Leslie, A.M., Head Master, 537 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PRATT INSTITUTE graduate in art and manual training desires position. (College, Wellesley; kindergarten, Pratt.) Preference: private school near New York. 9,923, Outlook.

REFINED young foreign lady teaching French, German, English, music, accustomed to travel, highest references, wishes governess or companion position. 9,909, Outlook.

TEACHER, B.E., desires position. Elocution, physical training, other branches. Highest references. Adelaide Swezey, 3918 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG lady desires position as nursery governess or mother's helper. Experienced. 9,871, Outlook.

MUSICAL German governess wishes position. German, music, English. Excellent references. 9,881, Outlook.

FRENCH governess wishes position. French, music, some English. Best references. 9,897, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady, resident in France several years, wishes pupils in French, New York City. Beginners, college preparatory, conversation, literature. Lessons at pupil's home. Highest references, professional and personal. Box 15, Craigville, Mass.

KINDERGARTNER and primary teacher desires position as nursery governess. 9,869, Outlook.

WANTED—By a young Canadian woman, college graduate, a position as governess or companion. Best references. 9,859, Outlook.

VISITING governess work. English, music, French. References. Address Miss West, 150 E. 37th St., New York City.

WANTED by an experienced teacher, a position, resident or visiting; higher English, four languages, and music—or as lady superintendent or chaperon. Address 9,889, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, '08, desires a position as tutor or governess in French, Spanish, English, and history. M. A., Box 803, Homer, N. Y.

I wish to recommend as teacher or high-class companion, experienced lady of 34, of exceptional refinement, character, and accomplishments. Pupil of Leschitizky. Long residence abroad. Music, German, English, elocution. Edw. Breck, M.A., Ph.D., Annapolis Royal, N. S.

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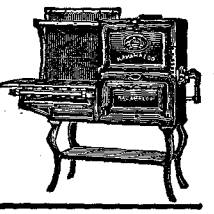

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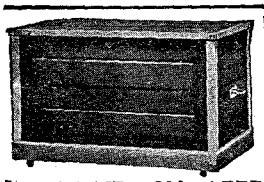

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CLEVER Jig-Saw Puzzles by mail. 100 pieces $1.00; 200 pieces $2.00; 300 pieces $3.00. Prudence Pride, Deerfield, Mass.

BRAHMIN lad, 18, bright, refined, Americanized, seeks Christian home and opportunity to earn expenses while schooling. References. 9,925. Outlook.

SELECTED list of plays for amateurs. Thoroughly annotated. For schools, dramatic clubs, libraries. Send for circular. E. A. McFadden, Box 328, Cincinnati.

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TWO part scholarships in one of the best New England schools will be awarded to girls desiring to fit for college. Address 9,833, Outlook.

SCHOOL for TRAINED ATTENDANTS. 45 Centre Street, Orange, New Jersey. Superintendent, Miss Lowrie. Six months' course. Fee $100, including tuition, board, lodging, uniforms, and books. For further information apply to school.

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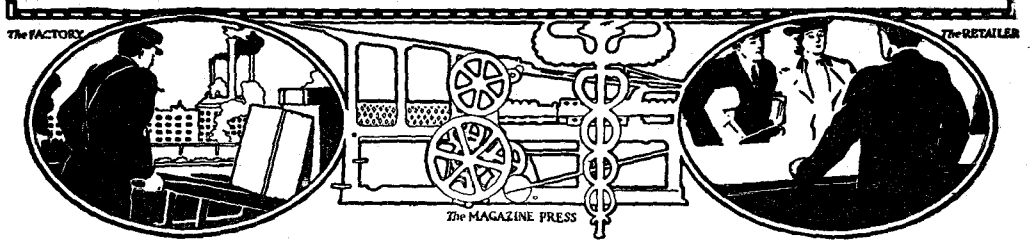
How Hiram Stayed Young



PEOPLE hain't wut they wuz in *my* day," growled Jasper Flint. "No — nur times hain't, nuther."

"Well, thank goodness they're not!" declared Hiram Oldboy. "Why, when you and I were youngsters, what did we have? A box-stove warmed one room — we chopped the cordwood. For light — candles. Baths once a month in the washtub — and I pumped the water. Clothes home-made by my mother. She sewed, knit, spun, wove, and not only cooked all our crude food, but raised, killed, cured and preserved it. She even made our one toilet essential — soft soap. Recreations, the circus once a year — good old times! Fudge!

"Look at me to-day!

"My house is heated and lighted automatically all over, and machinery pumps our water. The fittings in my bathroom are better than the dishes we ate from as boys. In every season, special garments for warmth, coolness, health, comfort. I have conveniences the rich knew nothing about twenty years ago. Would my dear mother cure meats and preserve fruits to-day? Not if I could help it, with factories to do such things scientifically. For amusements, the player-piano and other musical instruments, the camera, the automobile, travel, books, magazines—

"Jasper, do you realize that the magazines have done most of it? In our boyhood there were mighty few conveniences. If there'd been as many as now, we would n't have heard about 'em, because there were no magazines to explain how they worked, and how cost was n't the way to look at things, as we did then, but the return in comfort. Ninety per cent. of the comforts I enjoy to-day I've first read about in magazines. Manufacturers who have sold them educated me at the same time.

"Jasper Flint, if you grumble at times like these we live in now, somebody ought to take you at your word and shove you back into your own boyhood, with no comforts or conveniences at all, and no way of knowing about them if there were any."

Printing and publishing have been called the "barometer industry," of this country. Three-fifths of all the printing goes into magazines and other periodicals. Since 1890 the American people's consumption of periodicals has increased two hundred and fifty per cent! The magazines represented in the Quoin Club now have a combined circulation of not less than ten million copies a month — that's a copy and a third for every family in this country owning its own home. These magazines reach *all* the prosperous, intelligent consumers. They have a profound effect on everyday life and comfort, because they spread news about new commodities and conveniences. The progressive retail merchant to-day is as much interested in this spread of news and information about commodities as in the commodities themselves. For he knows that one surely follows the other. As the magazine is the channel for the information he is the channel for the goods.

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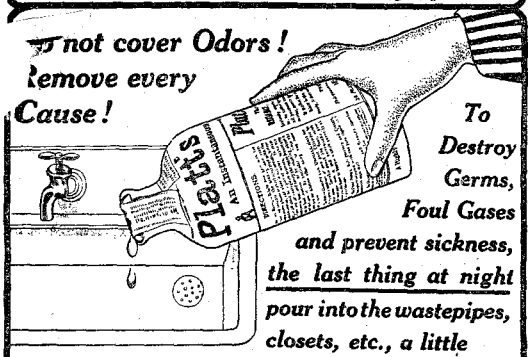

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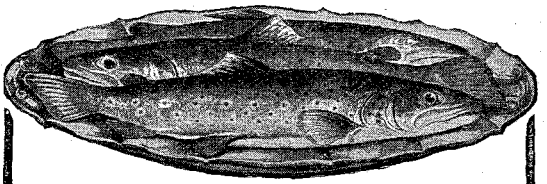

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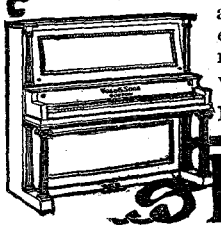

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